

JULY
27
1955

2/-

MRS PETER NUGENT
WITH HER SONS



Dizzy's remarkable day



“SO, AFTER ALL, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria’s first Parliament —509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the House at ten o’clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life.”

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837).



A liking for Guinness is a homely touch in Disraeli’s rather flamboyant personality. It shows that Guinness was at home, then, as now, in every level of society — a link between the “Two Nations” of which the statesman-novelist wrote in “Sybil”. Disraeli’s Guinness might have come in a



stoneware bottle. The example illustrated was certainly made before 1850, at which date the makers, Stephen Green of Lambeth, ceased to operate under that name. Guinness in a glass bottle is as good today as it was when our great-grandfathers enjoyed it.



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MRS. PETER NUGENT with her sons at their home Willards Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey, is the subject of our cover this week. She was formerly the wife of the Earl of Portarlington's heir who was killed in action in World War Two. Her elder son Viscount Carlow will be seventeen in August and the Hon. L. John Dawson-Damer is two years younger. Both boys are at Eton and Lord Carlow was formerly Page of Honour to H.M. the Queen, retiring on age limit this year. Mrs. Nugent comes from Toronto. The photograph was taken by Eric Coop

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 27 to August 3

July 27 (Wed.) Goodwood second day. The Goodwood Stakes.

Sandringham Flower Show.

Exhibition of Hampshire Treasures at the Art Gallery, Southampton (to Aug. 27).

Arab Horse Society Show at Roehampton (two days).

Cricket: Minor Counties v. South Africans at Stoke-on-Trent. Rugby v. Marlborough at Lord's (two days).

Racing at Redcar (two days).

Eton half ends.

First night of *Nina* at the Haymarket Theatre with Coral Browne.

July 28 (Thur.) The Duke of Edinburgh visits the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst and takes the salute at the Sovereign's Parade.

July 29 (Fri.) The Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood.

Mrs. H. E. B. Gundry's dance for Miss Susan Gundry at Grange, Honiton, Devon.

Joint Dances: The Hon. Mrs. George Waller and Mrs. David Smith's dance for Miss Tessa Waller and Miss Cicely Smith at Stavros, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mrs. John Garman and Mrs. Colman Rogers's dance for Miss Sally Garman and Miss Deborah Colman Rogers at Stanage Park, Knighton.

Racing at Catterick Bridge for two days.

Cricket at Lord's: Cheltenham v. Haileybury (two days).

July 30 (Sat.) Canterbury Cricket Week opens.

Cowes Week opens: Annual Dinner of the Royal London Yacht Club.

Motor-Racing: The Crystal Palace International Meeting.

Racing at Warwick and Epsom (one day).

Mrs. Sebastian Snow's dance for Miss Lavinia Snow at Downes, near Crediton, Devon.

July 31 (Sun.) Polo at Cowdray Park.

Aug. 1 (Mon.) The Duke of Edinburgh arrives at Cowes Regatta aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia.

Racing at Epsom, Newcastle, Chepstow, Ripon and Wolverhampton.

Cricket at Lord's: Southern Schools v. The Rest (two days).

Aug. 2 (Tues.) Dublin Horse Show begins.

Racing at Brighton until 4th.

Aug. 3 (Wed.) Charity Ball at Cowes.

Racing at Pontefract and Yarmouth (two days).

Cricket at Lord's: Combined Services v. the Public Schools.

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After a Royal victory

A RACING win that gave immense pleasure to the crowds on the second day of Royal Ascot was that of the Queen's Gardiniere (D. Smith up), in the King George V Stakes. Here the Queen, accompanied by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, is congratulating Gardiniere's trainer, Mr. Noel Murless, in the unsaddling enclosure. Behind is Capt. Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager. More pictures of Royal Ascot will be found on pp. 158-9, and Jennifer describes it on pp. 142-5.

LADY MARY BAILEY AND DAUGHTER

THE Earl and Countess of Haddington's only daughter is seen with Arabella Sarah, who was born in May this year. Lady Mary is the wife of Mr. J. Adrian Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, and her husband is a noted cricketer who played with Eton XI. They have a charming house in Tite Street, Chelsea, where this photograph was taken



Fayer

Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL ASCOT

IT will be a long time before we have a more wonderful afternoon's racing in every way than the second day of the Royal Ascot meeting. As on the opening day there was a cloudless sky and glorious sunshine, giving a lustre to the verdant green course and the new wide lawns of the Royal and other enclosures. Bright blue hydrangeas massed round the Royal box gave an air of coolness. The Queen, again wearing a little hat of silk petals, this time in white, and a cool white organza dress with a cherry print, had with her in the Royal Box Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, looking cool in a blue and white printed silk dress and a cleverly pleated shaded silk hat to match, Princess Margaret in a lavender and white sleeveless dress with a pale mauve straw hat, and the Princess Royal in a pale pink print.

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, the Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter, Lady Mary Whitley, were others I saw in the Royal party.

ALL the enclosures, in spite of the added space, were full, and the paddock was packed. The new luncheon rooms were beautifully cool with their lofty rounded ceilings, pale grey walls and long french windows wide open and giving plenty of air. The only criticism was perhaps the luncheon itself, which in my opinion did not come up to the standard of Royal Ascot, but this will no doubt be improved by next year. In contrast the luncheon served in White's Club tent was

exceptionally well done. This was as always a very popular rendezvous, not only for meals but also for cool drinks throughout the meeting. Lunching there on the second day was the American Ambassador in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. At the next table was the Duke of Argyll, who told me it was the first Royal Ascot he had been to for thirty-one years; with him were the Duchess of Argyll, her father Mr. George Whigham and her débutante daughter Miss Frances Sweeny.

SIR ERIC MIEVILLE was lunching, also the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord and Lady Pender and their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Dent, Sir Horace Evans, who had a party as did Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams and the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, who had Mr. Bobbie and the Hon. Mrs. Burns and Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael with them. Margherita Lady Howard de Walden, looking cool in white with a navy print and little navy blue hat had a party in her large private luncheon room on the first floor at the back of the stand which is so handy for the unsaddling enclosure. Her party on "Gold Cup—Hunt Cup" day included the Lord Chamberlain and the Countess of Scarbrough, Lady Serena James, Lord and Lady Grenfell, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Duckworth, her son Lord Howard de Walden, who was a steward at the meeting, Lady Howard de Walden, and their daughters Hazel and Susie; also the Hon. Mrs. George Seymour and the Hon. Mrs. Orloff-Davidoff and Miss Elizabeth Orloff-Davidoff.

Among members of the Diplomatic Corps on the "Queen's Lawn" I saw the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, who was one of the best-dressed women present on the opening day in a heavy pale blue linen dress embroidered on the skirt and shawl collar, with a large fawn coloured straw hat and gloves to match, Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, the Lebanese Ambassador with Mlle. Khouri in black and white, and the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen. Members of Her Majesty's Household and of the Yeomen of the Guard and Gentlemen at Arms were privileged to use the lawn, too, also their wives and in some cases their sons and daughters, but it was never crowded. Among the young girls there I saw the Earl and Countess of Leicester's two pretty daughters, Lady Carey and Lady Anne Coke.

The race for the Royal Hunt Cup on the new course was most exciting, with twenty-two starters. It ended in the fifty to one outsider Nicholas Nickleby winning by a short head from Coronation Year, with Comic Turn another short head away third. Then came the Gold Cup, won so convincingly by the fine-looking Italian champion Botticelli, ridden by the Italian jockey E. Camici.

I HAVE never heard more cheering on a racecourse than when the Queen's horse Jardiniere won the next race. The men's hats came off and everyone was clearly delighted. Her Majesty, smiling happily, came straight down from the Royal Box to the unsaddling enclosure accompanied by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and, it seemed, nearly every member of the Royal party.

After the horses had been taken away the Queen, escorted by the Duke of Norfolk, who is one of the Stewards at Ascot as well as Her Majesty's Representative, went up to the paddock (her third visit during the afternoon) to see the runners for the Coronation Stakes, the last race of the day. These included Lady Wernher's grand filly Meld, who is trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and romped home an easy winner in the most convincing style.

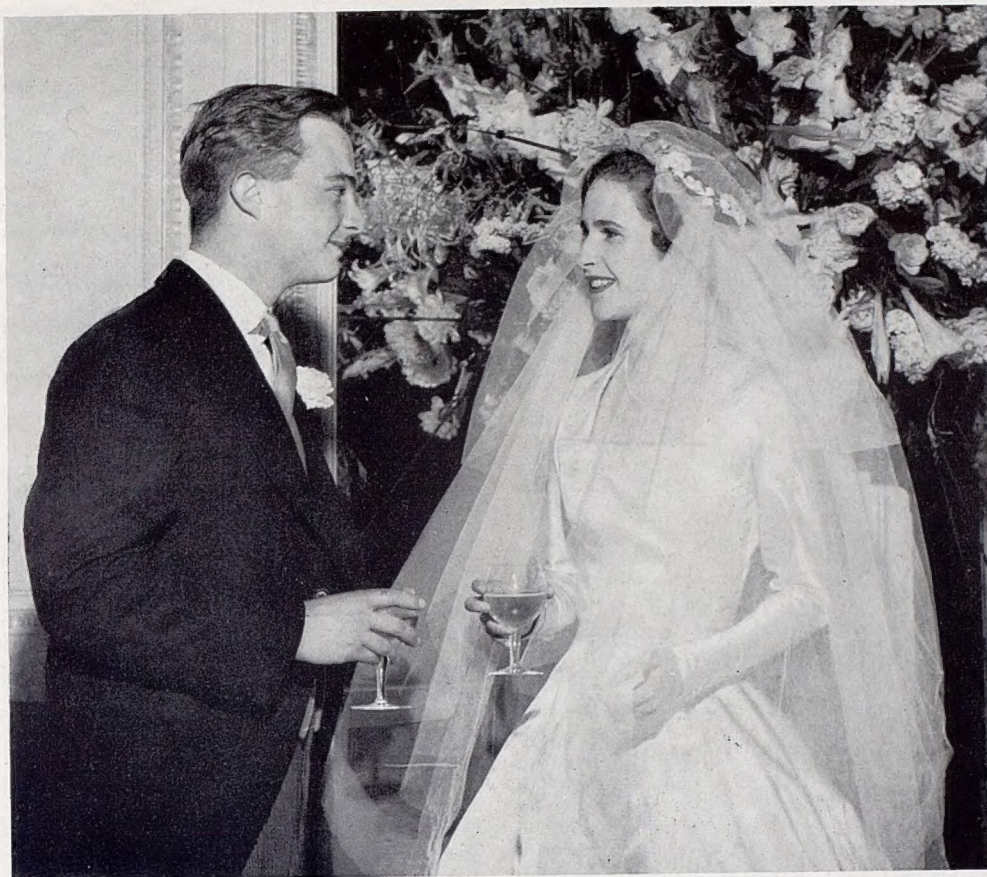
Among those watching the racing from the Royal Enclosure were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the latter in white with a dark green straw hat, the



CAROLINE ANN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Joy, of Godfrey Street, Chelsea, was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently. Among the godparents were Mr. Michael Holland and Miss Honour Thackrach

EARL OF ROTHES'S SON WEDDED

A MUTUAL toast (left) by Lord Leslie, the Earl of Rothes's son, and his bride, Miss Marigold Evans Bevan, at the reception after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The occasion is described overleaf



Gabor Denes

Duchess of Norfolk, whose stable had several successes during the week, her mother, the Countess of Rosebery, chic and cool in bronze taffeta, with the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the latter cool and pretty in a yellow silk dress—he was one of the Stewards—Earl and Countess Cadogan accompanied by Lady Sarah Cadogan, the Marquess of Blandford, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke (she was one of the best-dressed women present on the Friday, wearing a tailored black silk suit), Lord and Lady Chesham, the latter very attractive in a printed silk dress and both wearing the little round "Queen's Lawn" badge, Lady Rachel Davidson in a royal blue silk dress, Sir Rupert and the Hon. Lady Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer and the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough.

Also there were Count Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador, who was thrilled at Botticelli's win, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Lord and Lady Lyle, Lord Ashcombe, who everyone was delighted to see win the Wokingham Stakes on Friday with Plumber's Mate, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, and Mrs. Fogarty, over from Melbourne with her parents enjoying their first Ascot.

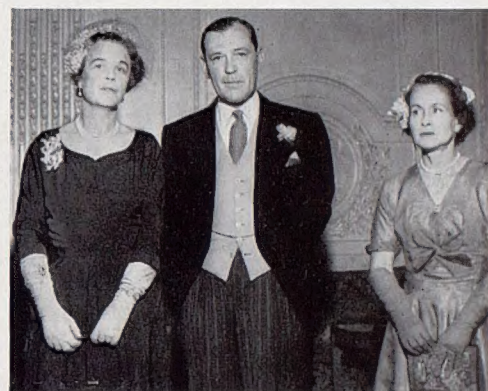
LORD and Lady Ranfurly were present, also the Earl of Ronaldshay, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, whose good homebred two-year-old Ratification won the Coventry Stakes on the first day, Lord and Lady Strathalmond, the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu, the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland talking to Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter recuperating from a recent operation, Brig. and Mrs. Roger Peake, and their débutante daughter Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the latter wearing a large hat with her silk dress, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel, very chic in navy blue and little cherry cap and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton and her son Timothy—she has an enchanting house near Windsor.

I also saw Lord and Lady George Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills, Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerly, Lord and Lady Stavordale, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Mrs. Bea Moresby, Lord and Lady Irwin, who gave a dance for their débutante daughter, the Hon. Susan Wood, in the Queen's Stand at Ascot on the Friday night, which the Queen and other members of the Royal Family attended, Viscount and Viscountess Astor, who gave a very good dance at Cliveden on the Wednesday night, Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Mr. Thomas Stokes and his pretty wife, from Sydney, Australia, who were also at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace next day, and Sir John Crocker Bulteel, the very able clerk of the course, who had everything organized splendidly.

WHEN the racing had ended I went on to three very good cocktail parties in the district, firstly one given by Mr. Norman Hartnell at his lovely home in Windsor Forest, where he told me he does much of his designing. Before going through to the beautiful garden where everyone had assembled, I glanced into his drawing-room which has the unusual colour scheme of lemon-coloured covers with cushions in various shades of mauve, while mauve and white flowers filled the vases. Here I met Mr. John Browning, who is publishing next autumn the book which Mr. Hartnell has written and illustrated called *Living by Design, or Silver and Gold*, which should be most interesting.

From here I went on to Sunningdale, to a delightful party which Mrs. Clarence de Sola and her daughter, Mrs. Jessica de Pass gave in their lovely home Airth. Here I met many friends, some of whom had been racing at Ascot. Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas were there, also his nephew Mr. Kim Lucas and his wife, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Major and Mrs. Telfer-Smollett,

[Continued on page 144]



The Countess of Rothes and Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Evans Bevan who were waiting to receive their guests at the Hyde Park Hotel



Lady Dugdale and Sir Thomas Dugdale, who is an uncle of the bridegroom, were with Lady Jean Mackenzie, the bridegroom's elder sister



Miss Suzanna Chancellor and Miss Gillian Buckley, two of the ten bridesmaids, were in conversation with Mr. James Lacey

Continuing The Social Journal

The Queen's Guests at Buckingham Palace

the latter in a grey lace dress and hat to match, her mother Myra Lady Fox and Sir John Blount with his wife, who told me she had been busy farming all day. Other guests were Major Bertie Whiteley, busy helping his hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hansard, Mr. and Mrs. Archie McNicol and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hudson who all live nearby in Berkshire, and Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson who came up from their home in Hampshire and brought Ivy Tresmand who was looking just as glamorous as when she played the lead in the musical success, *Hit The Deck*. She now makes her home in South Africa. Finally I went on to the very good party which Sir Adrian Jarvis always gives in Royal Ascot week at his home, Admiral's Walk, in Surrey, where he had over a hundred guests, including many I have mentioned at the races, pictures of which will be found on pages 158-90.

NEXT day a sudden severe thunderstorm sadly marred this great meeting.

Lightning struck the wire fence along No. 2 enclosure, just opposite the Royal enclosure, resulting in two deaths and many people suffering injury. Everyone's sympathy goes out to those bereaved, and injured by this sad accident. Great credit is due to the members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (all voluntary workers) whose prompt first aid and splendid organization saved many lives. I was not present that afternoon as I had the privilege of attending the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

BETWEEN seven and eight thousand guests attended the first Garden Party of the summer at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, who had previously held a presentation party inside the Palace for nearly 300 débutantes from the Commonwealth, came out on to the lawns at 4 p.m., wearing a short-sleeved white silk dress with a small flower pattern, and a little white hat with touches of cherry red.

She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh in a grey morning coat, the Queen Mother in white overprinted in grey, Princess Margaret in a sleeveless white dress printed in black and a big white hat, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent in white with a little feathered cap, her daughter Princess Alexandra, the Princess Royal, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma and Countess Mountbatten who was greeting many foreign diplomats after tea in the Royal tent.

Other guests at tea here included the Prime Minister and Lady Eden, who wore a burnt straw coolie hat with her flame coloured silk dress, Lord and Lady Wakehurst over from Northern Ireland, Mrs. Pandit, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was talking to Princess Margaret, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Howard. The Earl of Scarbrough, the Lord Chamberlain, was busy looking after the guests, as were Sir Terence Nugent, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Major Mark Milbanke, and Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps.

Strolling about the lawns were the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon talking to Mrs. Marie-Luise Arnold and Signora Sylvia Derisi, the pretty niece of the Argentine Ambassador, who had just arrived to stay with her uncle, Lady Violet Bonham Carter in yellow, Col. and Mrs. John Ward with Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George, the Hon.

Lionel and Lady Helen Berry and their two pretty daughters Mary-Anne and Jane, both in pale blue dresses, the Countess of Londesborough and her daughter Lady Zinnia Denison, who had been presented earlier, Lady Jarvis sitting in the shade under one of the trees, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, who were at Ascot the other days, Mr. Robin Mirrlees, who is Rouge Dragon, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Reynolds-Veitch, Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant from Sydney and their daughter Millicent who had been presented at the earlier party that afternoon, that always gay veteran Lord McGowan wearing a grey morning coat, Mr. William Fife and his pretty wife, sitting enjoying a cool drink, Mr. and Mrs. Zamora and their son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. John Pethybridge, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Eddon, Lady Sykes and her mother Mrs. Gilliat, and Mrs. William Carr, very chic in navy blue and white.

GREEN and white was the colour scheme chosen by Miss Caroline Acton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton, for her wedding to Mr. Trevor Dawson, only son of Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson. White flowers decorated St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and the rooms at Claridge's where the reception took place. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked extremely pretty in a gown of white organdie and broderie anglaise and a tulle veil held in place by a coronet of ivy leaves. She was attended by five older bridesmaids and two child bridesmaids, Miss Sheran Cazalet, Miss Tess d'Erlanger, Miss Mary Anne Hare, Miss Ann Phipps, Miss Veronica Rutledge and Harriet and Sarah Duckworth. They wore white nylon dresses with coronets of tiny white gladioli in their hair.

The only splash of colour was provided by the scarlet tunics of the two pages, Viscount Quenington, who carried out his duties with serious determination, and James Mostyn. They wore replica uniforms of the bridegroom's regiment, the Scots Guards.

MRS. ACTON wore a small periwinkle blue hat and dress as she stood with her husband and Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson, the latter wearing a large feather trimmed hat with her dark blue dress, to receive their guests who numbered six or seven hundred. Many of the bride's relations were there including her grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Pearson, Viscount Cowdray, who proposed the health of the young couple, Lt.-Col. the Hon. John and the Hon. Mrs. Hare, Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall,

the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Gibb and her pretty daughter Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland.

I saw the bridegroom's sisters Mrs. Mostyn and Major Mostyn, and Mrs. John Menzies with Mr. John Menzies, also Earl St. Aldwyn, Mrs. Aileen Plunket looking cool in a short-sleeved black silk dress with a large hat, the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, Mrs. Cartland with her daughter Mrs. McCorquodale and her granddaughter Mrs. Gerald Legge, who was in pink. Also among the guests were the Spanish Ambassador talking in his own language with Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, Mrs. Michael Menzies (better remembered as Miss Kay Stammers), Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Vané Ivanovic, Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Coville, and Viscountess Vaughan.

AFTER the last day of Royal Ascot I went for a short while to a small cocktail party which the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen gave in the garden of the Embassy in Palace Green, where it was very pleasant sitting out under the trees on this warm evening. The host and hostess had their daughter Miss Evie Prebensen, looking cool in a sleeveless dress, helping them, and among the guests I met were the Lebanese Ambassador and his sister Mlle. Alexa Khouri, the Philippine Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero, Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, who were having a long talk to their charming host, and Monsieur Sverker Astrom, Counsellor at the Swedish Embassy.

EVERY summer Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller send out joint invitations to an evening party at the Savoy which is always one of the gayest events of the London season, as their annual New Year's Eve party is always one of the best in New York. This year it was again tremendous fun. On arrival one was greeted by the host and his charming wife who looked very chic in a white corded silk evening dress. Two of the first people I saw on entering the River Room were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye were sitting at a table with her brother and sister-in-law Mr. Jack Profumo, the Parliamentary Secretary for Civil Aviation, and Mrs. Profumo, while nearby the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza were sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.

The Earl and Countess of Portarlington were greeting many friends, as were the Maharajah of and Maharanee of Jaipur, Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Prince Christian of Hanover, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne



Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray had come up from Cowdray Park, Midhurst



The Earl and Countess of Mansfield, keen supporters of the Fund, arriving at the ball

Straight, the Austrian Ambassador and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Mrs. Jean Garland came in a party with her sister, Mrs. Jack Thursby and Mr. Thursby, whose brother Peter was there with his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills came in Lord and Lady Brownlow's party, which also included Sir Walter and Lady Monckton.

★ ★ ★

THE Archbishop of Wales, assisted by Canon Charles Smyth, officiated in St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the marriage of Lord Leslie, only son of the Earl and Countess of Rothes, to Miss Marigold Evans Bevan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Evans Bevan. This was an exceptionally pretty wedding with beautiful music. Pink was the colour scheme, the bride, who was given away by her father, looking very pretty in a superb Angèle Delanghe wedding dress of palest pink satin with a train cut in one with the skirt. Her white tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of apple blossom. She was attended by two child bridesmaids, Gael Bennett and Angela Mackworth-Young, with eight older girls Miss Caroline Whittington-Moe, Miss Diana Scott, Miss Mirabelle Thomas, Miss Jane McCall-McCowan, Miss Sarah Stanley, Miss Suzanna Chancellor, Miss Gillian Buckley and Miss Poppet Williams. They wore outstandingly pretty dresses, also designed and made by Angèle Delanghe, full-skirted pale-pink organza with small organza stoles, and wore wreaths of pink and white flowers in their hair.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans Bevan, the latter attractive in a fawn organza dress over deep pink taffeta and little hat to match, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. The Countess of Rothes, wearing a navy blue silk dress and little pink hat, helped them to receive, but the Earl of Rothes, who has unfortunately been ill since January, was not able to come to his son's wedding. The Countess of Rothes's brother, Sir Thomas Dugdale was there, also her daughter, Lady Jean Mackenzie and her husband.

AMONG the large number of guests at this wedding were Mrs. Evans Bevan's sister, Lady Scott with Sir Douglas Scott and their family, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Whittington Moe. Sir Godfrey and Lady Llewellyn were there, also Major and Mrs. Treherne—he is Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorgan—Major Rhydian and Lady Honor Llewellyn and his mother, Lady Llewellyn, the Dowager Lady Boothby, Lady Micklem, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, and Major and Mrs. George Meyrick.



THE HIGHLAND FUND BALL, held at the Dorchester, was organized to help the Highland village industries and generally preserve the basic life of the Highlands, which are the Fund's objects. Above: Col. and Mrs. Eric Mackenzie, of Calgary, being received by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The Duke, chairman of the Highland Fund (England) Association, was President of the ball committee, and the Duchess was chairman



The Duke of Montrose and Mrs. Peter Hanbury. The guests were entertained by Highland dancers



Mr. P. Murray-Willis, Miss Belinda Pascoe, the Earl of Kinnoull, of Balhousie Castle, Perth, and Mrs. John Pascoe were watching the cabaret

Swabe



DRAGON CLASS yachts racing at Cowes with spinnakers set. The Royal Yacht Squadron guns used for signalling the start and finish of races can be seen in the foreground

SETTING SAIL FOR COWES

GABOR DENES, the authority on yachting, and noted photographer of sailing craft, describes in this article (with special reference to the Royal Yacht Squadron), many aspects of the summer's greatest week of yacht racing; for which the picturesque harbour of Cowes will on Saturday be welcoming boats from all round the coasts of Britain, and many from abroad

IN the whole history of Cowes as a yachting centre—and this means virtually the history of the Royal Yacht Squadron—two factors have exerted the greatest influence on its fortunes: the various developments in the design of yachts which fostered the spirit of competition, and Royal patronage.

Although yachting and races for cups on the Thames, encouraged by the Duke of Cumberland, are recorded during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the beginning of the yachting era in the Solent later on was quite accidental. Cowes had lost its industry, the building of ships of the line, when peace returned after the Napoleonic wars, and was about to fade into obscurity as a small fishing village, when a new taste for sea-bathing brought to it fresh and unexpected prosperity, for it became the late-summer resort of the fashionable classes.

BATHING machines were stationed to the west of the castle, but no yachts could be seen in those early years of the nineteenth century. The men of leisure turned to the interests of the sea out of sheer boredom, and the first yachts were used purely for pleasure cruising and entertaining.

The Annual Regatta in 1813 consisted of a review of the pilot boats and was followed by a ball and dinner in the evening.

On June 1, 1815, forty-two gentlemen at a meeting in the Thatched House Tavern

in St. James's formed a new club to be called the "Yacht Club," and the Royal Yacht Squadron was born. Two years later the Prince Regent joined the Club, and on his accession in 1820 as George IV consented to give the club its Royal title.

In spite of this distinguished patronage, the activities of the Royal Yacht Club in its early years were most uninspired. Besides patronizing the local fishermen and pilots by giving them prizes to be sailed for, the members took part in solemn processions in their yachts under a commodore appointed for the day.

RACING was positively frowned upon, as illustrated by this resolution passed on July 29, 1818:

The original proposition of assembling the vessels of the club upon certain days under the direction of a leader having been made with a far different view from that of racing and showing superiority of sailing, and inconvenience and danger having arisen from irregularity, it would tend to the comfort of all, and particularly of the ladies who may honour the meeting with their presence, if order were preserved.

Racing developed simply as the private enterprise of a few members, possibly those whose behaviour prompted the resolution quoted, who arranged sailing matches amongst themselves. One of the earliest of these was between Mr. Joseph Weld's cutter Charlotte, sixty tons, and Mr. Thomas Assheton-Smith's Elizabeth, sixty-five tons. The match was for 500 guineas and the many watchers were sorely

disappointed when in the first heat Elizabeth lost her masthead in a severe gust of wind and "consequently every sail fell upon the deck."

During these early years with their leisurely processions and isolated sailing matches, the social significance of Cowes started to grow. The attendance of the Prince Regent in 1819 added tremendous impetus, and later the King's own cottage on the front, and subsequent Royal visits, made Cowes a "must" for those who wanted to be "in the swim." In ten years the club had become the leading body of yachtsmen, its annual ball was a great social event, and in 1825, when the Earl of Yarborough was elected the first Commodore, the club found its own home on the Parade, where today the Gloster Hotel stands.

THOSE were the days of large cruising yachts, such as the commodore's Falcon of 350 tons, luxuriously fitted and heavily armed(!), in which members travelled far, usually crossing over to France and Spain to return with ample supplies of wine in time for the annual Cowes Regatta.

The first approach by the Royal Yacht Club to yacht racing was the presentation of a Gold Cup of a hundred sovereigns for a race amongst vessels belonging to members (1826). Seven starters had a most exciting race and the Cup was won by Mr. Weld in his eighty-five-ton cutter Arrow.

During the first part of Queen Victoria's reign, slow but important developments took place in yachting, methods of handicapping

were devised and the first of the Queen's Cups in 1838 was raced for on a time allowance basis, and in subsequent years was bestowed upon the different types of craft in turn, the schooners, the large and small cutters, etc. until in 1843 yachts were divided into classes according to rig and tonnage. This and races open to members of other Royal Yacht Clubs brought great fleets to Cowes and in 1844 fourteen vessels of twenty-five tons, all of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, started in one race.

THE Prince Consort became a Patron of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1840, and the Queen appeared on many occasions in the Royal yacht at Cowes. It was about this time that the committee had to legislate on the question of steam yachts belonging to members. First in 1843 they passed a resolution "that steamers belonging to the Squadron shall consume their own smoke," and later in a more serious vein this minute was made:

No steamer of less than 100 horse-power shall be qualified for admission into, or entitled to the privileges of the Squadron.

The ball, which had hitherto been a public function, was made a purely club occasion after an incident in 1842, when two men "impudently joined the party, and were found with their hands in the pockets of the guests."

The next quiet years were interrupted in 1851, when the schooner *America* owned by the Commodore and some members of the New York Yacht Club came to England with a challenge. The 170-ton schooner was greatly admired at Cowes, and more so when she proved superior to the best yachts of the kingdom selected by the Commodore of the Squadron.

In 1857 the Crown lease of Cowes Castle was acquired and the R.Y.S. flag was hoisted on the castle flagstaff. In succession to Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales became the Squadron's Patron in 1856, and two years later, at his wish, a member. In the Cowes Week of that year he opened the Ball with Lady Wilton, while his princess danced with the Commodore. The social festival of the "Week" reached new heights, and "for one week the unpretending little town of Cowes becomes the Queen city of England."

The strict exclusiveness of the Squadron is reflected in the joyous remark: "The annual blackballing of candidates took place last Monday, when one out of seven was elected."

Nor only did the Prince of Wales's patronage enhance the social prestige of the Royal Yacht Squadron, his interest in yacht racing, as the owner of several racing cutters, gave the Royal cachet to the sport of yachting. After the death of Earl Wilton he was elected Commodore of the Squadron in 1882 and on his accession the new office of Admiral was created for him.

The year 1893 will always be remembered for the first appearance of *Britannia*, the Prince's new cutter, whose series of triumphs through two reigns will live as the saga of one of the finest yachts ever built. In her forty years she has, time and again, saved the "big class" from extinction by returning to the lead of the racing fleet, rejuvenated in a different rig every time it seemed that she had been outclassed. Her races against the *Valkyries*, *Navahoe*, *Vigilant*, *Meteor II*, *Ailsa*, and under George V and, after World War One, *Westward*, *White Heather*, *Nyria*, *Moonbeam*, *Lulworth*, and with the coming of the "J" Class, the *Shamrocks*, *Cambria*, *Astra*, *Candida*, *Velsheda* and *Endeavour* are epics of the sport. And while these forty years of two yachting monarchs have raised and maintained the quality and prestige of British yachting as a whole, Cowes and the Squadron soared to greatness with it. Between the wars, while the "J" Class yachts took the lead among the big



King George V at the wheel of the most famous of all racing cutters, *Britannia*

ones, the metre rule produced some excellent racing in the twelve metres, and the eight and six metres came to the fore.

The greatest transformation took place after the last war. The big racing classes, the "J"s and even the twelve metres disappeared, and the postwar scene signifies the beginning of a new, but in many respects even more prosperous, and certainly healthier development.

YACHTS are smaller, but their numbers are far, far greater, and because nowadays they are manned largely by amateurs, the number of sportsmen enjoying the racing any day during Cowes Week runs well into four figures. And, once more, yachting has a powerful Royal personality for its patron, H.R.H. Prince Philip, Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

This year's Cowes Week promises to be the best yet of this new era. The Royal yacht *Britannia* will be in the Roads with the Prince on board; he will probably go racing every day of his stay in the *Dragon* Bluebottle or the *Flying Fifteen* Coweslip. There is to be a Squadron Ball at the Castle again.

Several new and interesting yachts are appearing in the handicap classes, and three new six-metres will be out, *Royal Thames*, *Clyde* and *Noresca*, who will be joined by many foreign entries making for the biggest fleet of this class seen at Cowes since the war. In the other racing classes there are new additions to the 5.5-metre class, the *Dragons*, and *Swallows*, and racing should be keener than ever.

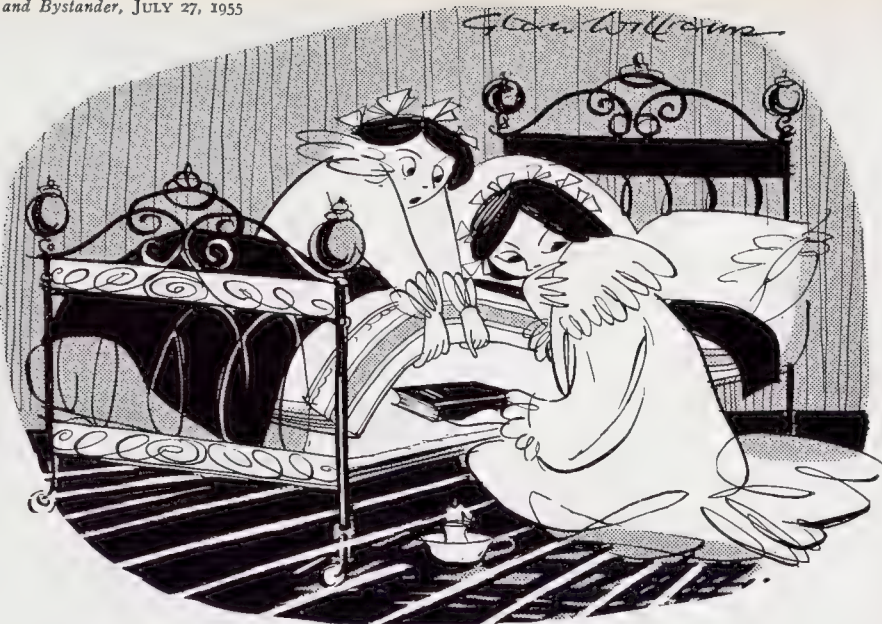
COWES itself has changed very little. While the Roads and the harbour will be full of racing and cruising craft, life ashore will be as busy and gay as ever. The Squadron still has the undisputed lead, but now there are other clubs to share amongst the yachtsmen. The Royal London Yacht Club has had a club house on the front since 1882, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club opened a branch club house after the war, which attracts mainly the younger element, while the Island Sailing Club (established 1889) is the general meeting place for everyone from everywhere, including the highest and most exalted in rank.



The signal mast at the "Castle" H.Q. of the R.Y.S. during Cowes Week. The Commodore's burgee is flown from the masthead and the White Ensign from the yardarm

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"Away from the prying eyes of Mamma"

WHEN I was young we used to recite with relish:

Would you like to sin
With Elinor Glyn
On a tiger skin,
Or would you prefer
To err
With her
On some other fur?

(There was also a rhyme about the film star Nazimova, very popular, but a trifle schoolboyish for this column.)

Elinor Glyn was, perhaps, the most interesting of all the remarkable Edwardian women. Like the great duchesses and courtesans of that time she combined a talent for great dignity and manners with a voracious lust for living.

But she had more, as the story of her life, *Elinor Glyn* (Hutchinson, 18s.), written by her grandson Anthony Glyn (Sir Geoffrey Davson) shows.

She was a one-woman revolution.

BORN in Jersey of a family named Sutherland, which traced back to the French Revolution, she was brought up to the strictest rules of pride. Her grandmother used to say sternly to her: "How would you behave if you were on your way to the guillotine?" and she was taught that tears were only permissible to the lower classes. Against this background she grew up, a passionate girl hungry for romance, and spent a busy lifetime in search of the perfect lover of her dreams.

She never found him. But in pursuing her quest she made her revolution. For she was thrown into the country house party life of the times which was founded on cynicism and casual immorality. She saw great ladies exchange lovers with the seasons and found that the *ménage à trois* was too common to be commented on.

THIS worried Elinor. She would never take a lover as a plaything. Dominating, devilish, overwhelming he had to be for her. Hot breath on her neck was her true measurement of ardour and if he held her until her stays cracked, so much the better.

All this was in her mind and it went into

her books. She put so much of it into *Three Weeks* that the book sold 5,000,000 copies, many of which may still be found all over the world hidden in attics and under mattresses, away from the prying eyes of Mamma.

Yet, although she was reviled as prurient and salacious, the book banned (even a Mickey Mouse cartoon was banned because it showed a cow in a field reading *Three Weeks!*), Elinor was not interested in sex at all; it was romance she was after.

WHEN she was a girl young men would throw themselves fully clothed into the river at 3 a.m. in her honour (could she have been the prototype for Max Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson?). This was coolly observed by a handsome dilettante named Clayton Glyn. He saw a young girl with a bounteous figure, a torrent of red hair, porcelain

white skin and eyes like pale, flawed emeralds. She saw a man of infinite courtesy, with prematurely grey hair. The sights were mutually irresistible.

On their honeymoon Clayton hired the public baths at Brighton so that Elinor might swim up and down naked, her red hair streaming behind her in the water down below her waist. This was romance; she had found it. Or had she?

When, later, she complained to her husband that a friend had had "the gall to kiss her," Clayton chuckled and said, "Did he? Good old Brookie!"

When she presented him with a second daughter he fled to Monte Carlo to drown his sorrow and lost £10,000 at the tables.

ELINOR persevered. They would winter in Egypt, travel home in the spring through Naples, Florence, Venice.

One day in Venice Elinor saw a magnificent tiger skin hanging in a shop window. Clayton refused to buy it for her. But, as I have hinted, she was a determined woman and that day, a cheque arriving from her London publishers, she cashed it, bought the skin and when Clayton came back to the hotel he found his lawful wife, scantily clad, lying on the skin with a rose between her teeth.

He looked at her with cold amusement. "Get up," he said. So another bid for romance had failed.

Yet not wasted. For everything that happened to Elinor and failed in her own life she put into her books, where they were blazing successes.

AT Carlsbad once she danced with a gay young Cossack, aide to a Russian Grand Duke. She knew his reputation. He had once at a restaurant stripped naked a gipsy girl who resisted him and thrown her over the balcony into the soup tureen of the party below. The Cossack walked up to Elinor, grasped her, crushed her to him so firmly that the bullets in his breast pockets made weals in her flesh, manoeuvred her skilfully into a corner, planted a scalding kiss on her neck then coldly stalked away and left her.

Elinor was pretty angry, or pretended to be; but it all went into a book.



"Young men would throw themselves fully clothed into the river at 3 a.m. in her honour"

The story of *Three Weeks* she made up one rainy Sunday at a house party given by Lord Kintore, near Glamis, in Scotland. (She seems to have been plagued by rainy Sundays). She saw a young man, playing with a dog, lying on a rug in front of the fire . . . "yet another perfect specimen of the breed, well born, Eton and Oxford, handsome, virile, a sportsman . . . intellectually and emotionally sound asleep."

Elinor wondered what would happen if he were suddenly awakened to life by meeting and falling in love with some intense, passionate woman.

Her mind, which was like a jigsaw puzzle, flew to action. The pieces sprang together. The tiger skin in Venice, the murder of Queen Draga of Serbia (an act of regicide which had profoundly shocked royalist Elinor).

She hurried home, locked herself up, and wrote this wildly romantic tale of a decent young English chap who has a huge romp with a black-eyed Balkan queen, is dismissed after three weeks, nearly dies of grief, but lives to see his queen assassinated and then goes to her capital to see her little son (*his* son) crowned King. That must have been a day. Elinor believed in every flaming word of it.

AN example of her style:

The queen is lying on the tiger skin, in something diaphanous and mauve. Paul comes in, notices that she has a red rose between her teeth. Paul bounds forward.

"No! You must not come near me. I am not safe today. Not yet." And she gave a movement like a snake, of joy to feel the fur under her, while she stretched and caressed the creature. "Beautiful one!" she purred. "And I know all your passions, and now I have got your skin—for the joy of my skin!" And she quivered again with the movements of a snake.

"Paul—what do you know of lovers—or of love? My baby Paul!"

A rage of passion was racing through Paul, his incoherent thoughts were that he did not want to talk—only to kiss her—to devour her—to strangle her with love if necessary.

He bit the rose.

The names of Elinor's admirers are aptly chosen. Guards officers—Major Seymour Wynne Finch, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker; statesmen Lords Milner, Grey, Curzon. I doubt if she had an affair with any of them.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON (that most superior purzon) was her great love. She referred to him as My King and got herself into quite a state every time he sent her a letter. He sent her five hundred, which she solemnly burned in a funeral pyre the day he jilted her.

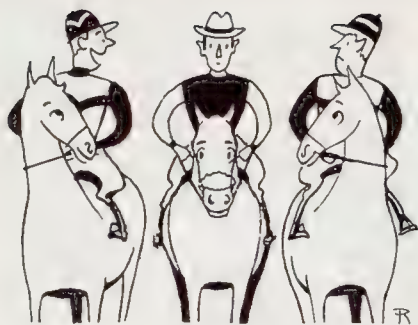
Once she took him to Versailles, which she considered to be the most romantic spot in the world. She blindfolded him, led him to a vantage spot, then whipped off the blinkers and let him feast his eyes.

George Nathaniel stared for a minute. Then said: "Architecturally correct. But monotonous."

Poor Elinor. She just couldn't get her men on to that tiger skin.



MAJOR SIR RALPH GORE, BT., is a great personality of yachting and without doubt its Elder Statesman, having been elected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1947, when he succeeded Sir Philip Hunloke. An old Etonian, he served in the Yeomanry and the Royal Dragoons. In his youth he was amongst our finest racing helmsmen, his best remembered achievement being in 1928 when, team racing on the Clyde for the British-American Cup, he was first in three of the four races and second in the fourth. Sir Ralph has been on the Council of the Yacht Racing Association since 1920, and as its President since 1945 took an active part in its transformation when in accordance with Royal command it became the Royal Yachting Association in 1953. His ten years' rule has gained tremendous respect for his administration and tact. He is also Chairman of the Permanent Committee of the International Yacht Racing Union



At the Races

PROBLEMS FOR HANDICAPPERS

IF you were one of those long-suffering people called Official Handicappers, who quite often get more undeserved kicks than well earned ha'pence, and were required to apportion the weights of this year's three-year-olds (a) over 1½ miles and (b) over the St. Leger distance, how would you set about it?

Of course in each case, especially in the latter, you would be compelled to begin with Phil Drake; but what then? Phil Drake won our Derby quite comfortably by one and a half lengths from Panaslipper, and he won the Grand Prix, one mile, seven furlongs, even more comfortably by two lengths from, as we like to think, not quite so good a field.

By the rough rule of handicapping of three pounds for a length all out, we should say four pounds for our Derby and at least that for the Grand Prix; but Phil Drake was by no means all out in either instance, and I think we should be very conservative if we said ten pounds in each case, and I think that even so we should be letting him in very lightly.

In the Derby, therefore, Panaslipper ought not to have been able to win even if he had only eight stone seven or thereabouts, and Acropolis four and a half lengths behind the winner could not have won it if he had had a bit less than eight stone. As to the Leger, Phil Drake's position is even more unassailable. I do not take too much notice of his recent defeat in our big race at Ascot. Obviously over-raced as some of us thought that he was or might be.

We are now told that Acropolis has "come on quite a bit." Quite obviously a lot. He beat nothing in his recent race, the Commonwealth Stakes, and I cannot see how anybody can arrive at a real "line." He may be very good, so long as there is nothing of Phil Drake's class knocking around!

THE Eton and Harrow match ended quite pleasantly for the school which is *not* on a hill, and I understand that the ceremonies after it were, as is usual in these days, quite decorous. In former times these performances were almost barbaric and people frequently ended up with only the brim of their hats round their necks, and there have been grim stories of other people arriving home with only one leg to their trousers. However, we have outgrown all that, I suppose.

I hope, however, that the shade of that man from the sixpennies who went to get a drink at the well-known pub outside Lord's, is still around and about. This man had a very red nose, he had the bottom button of his waistcoat undone and everything turned up that would turn up and everything turned down that would turn down. The moment he came in sight one of the habitués of the pub said "Eton?"; "No," said the man, "drinking," thinking of course that the chap was referring to his nose.

It is probable that all the old customs have not died out and that our wonderful policemen are still accosted by frantic mothers and asked to find "two little girls dressed in light blue, eating chicken and ham and strawberries and cream."

— SABRETACHE



Above: Mr. Mike Holden-White, leader of Polo Cottage, receives the County Cup from Mrs. C. A. Fairbank

Right: Mrs. D. Riley-Smith and her husband, who played for the Polo Cottage team, waiting for a game to begin



Lord Patrick Beresford, who played for Friar Park, and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham

Major C. H. S. Dixon, Polo Cottage No. 2, and Mrs. W. Holden-White, wife of the captain



Sir Dymoke White on his private drag with Miss Virginia Voles, Mr. and Mrs. A. Barrowclough and Colonel A. Main, D.S.O.

O'Neill



The start of the eighth R.A.C. British Grand Prix at Aintree, showing Manuel Fangio, who was first away from the starting grid, and Stirling Moss the winner, leading the field

AINTREE'S GRAND INTERNATIONAL

BRILLIANT sunshine, bright colours and pretty girls, the paddock, stands and even the Grand National jumps on the inside of the race track—surely this scene, at the British Grand Prix at Aintree, was the Ascot of motor racing.

By 2.15 p.m. all the Grand Prix cars were in their places on the starting grid with Stirling Moss and Fangio (both Mercedes) and Jean Behra (Maserati) in the front rank. At 2.28 p.m. all the engines started up with an ear-splitting cacophony of tearing sound, and the starter mounted his rather flimsy dais and raised on high what must surely be the smallest Union Jack to be used in an official capacity (one felt that somewhere in the background there was a small child howling for its return). Two minutes later, precisely, he dropped it and the field shot away—except the luckless Schell in Tony Vandervell's Vanwall, who stalled his engine and was left wildly waving both arms to get those behind him past. He was immediately pushed into action and roared off to cut down the rearguard of the field in workmanlike fashion.

As was expected, Moss and Fangio went into the lead with Moss in front the third time round. Behra was third and Karl Kling (Mercedes) fourth.

These four stayed in front until nearly half-way through the race, when Behra's Maserati produced a lot of smoke in quite the wrong place and finally retired out in the country.

Kling thereupon took his place and the veteran Taruffi, on the fourth Mercedes, moved up to fourth position. At this stage the pace was so hot that almost half the field were out of the running—some, like the Vanwall, coming back after a long stop at the pits, others being wheeled miserably away to the dead car park.

Several pleasant personal duels had broken out by now, notably one between Taruffi and Musso in a works (as opposed to a privately entered) Maserati, with not an

inch given by either. It was not Mike Hawthorn's lucky day: he became affected by the heat of the sun on his visor and handed over his Ferrari to Castellotti, whose own Ferrari had already "blown up." Castellotti then joined battle with Schell and one never knew which would slide round Tatt's Corner first. Lance Macklin was driving Stirling Moss's own Maserati in which he put up the record last year, but it was not going so well for him and, running out of road coming round Tatt's Corner, he showed us just what the straw bales were put there for.

MEANWHILE, the Mercedes were circulating like four automatons, with Stirling Moss putting the lap speed up ever so slightly each time. Just when we were sure that, short of an Act of God or Parliament, nothing could stop Stirling from winning, Fangio decided to have a go himself and closed right up on Moss's tail. Excitement, never at a low level, was now intense as the two, with barely two seconds between them after 240 miles of high-speed motoring, went into the last few laps. Stirling Moss drew away again, but at the very last moment Fangio pulled out all the stops and staged a grandstand finish right on the line, such as is rarely seen.

Moss won by a wheel (one-fifth of a second was the official distance) at an average speed of 86.47 m.p.h.—not a record, but with 3 hrs. 7 mins. 21.2 secs., 270 miles and 630 high-speed corners behind him, it seems fast enough in the extreme heat. Kling was third and Taruffi fourth, a lap behind the others. The four Mercedes sounded as crisp and clean at the finish as at the start; of the five remaining cars to finish only the Vanwall seemed well, the others sounded very, very tired.

RECEIVING the trophy (and kiss) from Mrs. Topham, Stirling Moss attributed his success to Fangio's forbearance and it is, perhaps, worth bearing in mind that he has often and publicly said that he has learned more about race driving from lying second to Fangio than he could ever have done in front of him. The pupil showed the master the way home this time—but, oh, if only he could do it again in a British car!

—G. F. Lord.



Above: Earl Howe, one of the Stewards of the meeting, and (below) Stirling Moss preparing for the start. There were more than 150,000 spectators

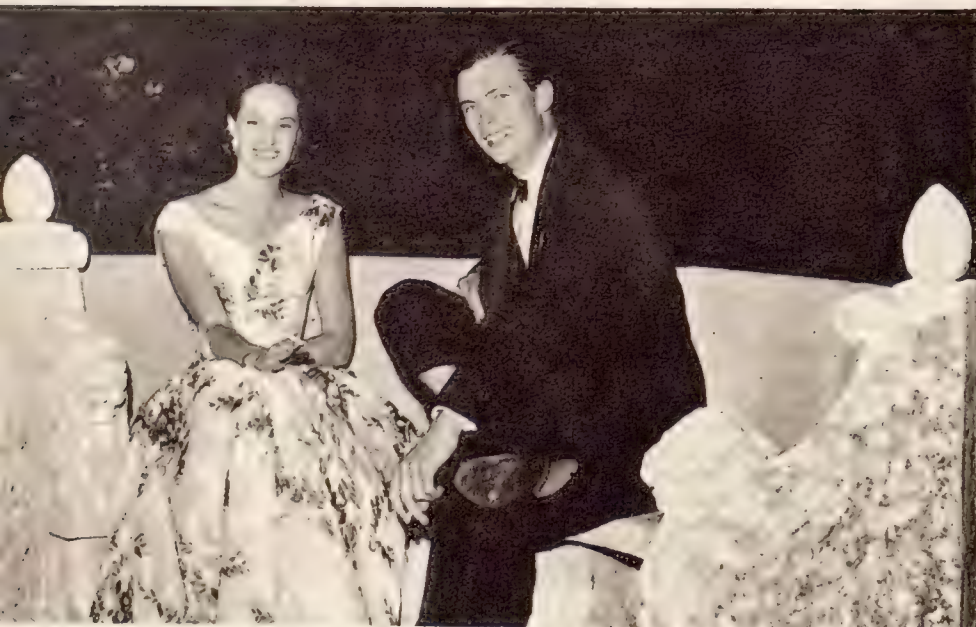




Lady Nell Harris, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, Mr. J. Freemanle, Mr. J. Trelawny and Miss C. Lawson-Johnston

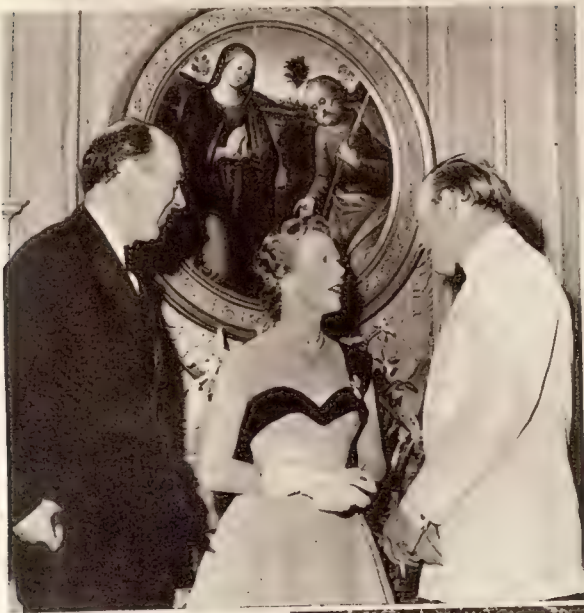
GARDEN NOCTURNE AT SHAWFORD PARK

SIR BRIAN MOUNTAIN, BT., and Lady Mountain lent their lovely house Shawford Park, near Winchester, for the Hampshire Red Cross Society's ball, the gardens being superbly floodlit



Miss Janet Pepper and Mr. Robin Napier on the terrace. Supper was held in a marquee near the house

Miss Claire Baring and Mr. John Fairbairn were among those who appreciated the warm evening for sitting out



Sir Archibald Hope, Lady Smiley and Captain W. Larkin standing in front of a picture of the Holy Family by Raphael



Miss Henrietta Vincent and Mr. Nicholas Mountain, who is the younger son of Sir Brian and Lady Mountain



Miss Jennifer Parker and Mr. Patrick Leigh were sitting in a floodlit Grecian temple in the garden



Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, who kindly lent their lovely home, at which dancing went on until dawn



Lord and Lady Chesham who came over from their home, Stonerwood Park, near Petersfield, Hampshire

At the Theatre

Illustrations
by Emmwood

Yet the whole thing has that quality which a great many playgoers to-day are ready to accept as freshness, and its first-night reception was rapturous. The notices next morning differed violently, some calling the piece the dulllest of failures, others predicting for it certain success. Who can tell? *Salad Days* came off with the public; *The Burning Boat* did not. My guess is that *Wild Thyme* is another feather which English hirers of American musicals would do well to take seriously.

It is not that pieces like *Salad Days* and *Wild Thyme* are likely to found a permanent new style of English musical comedy. Rather they indicate, I think, that a great many people have had enough for the time being of the kind of toughness that is imported in ever-thickening slices from America. *Pal Joey*, which made a hero of a heel and went all out for ugly realism, was perhaps altogether too thick a slice. But however it comes about, it would seem that even hard-bitten playgoers now are cultivating a palate for the insipid and finding refreshment in dallying with the innocence of love. This new "return to nature" is perhaps salutary and welcome; but obviously if prolonged it would become intolerable.

Nothing could be more innocent than the story of *Wild Thyme*. A French singer passing through a London station early one morning with her impresario husband is suddenly seized by an overwhelming longing for pastoral simplicity. Evading her husband, she elopes with a musical railway porter. They spend the day in the country fishing, bathing and singing. At sunset they are overtaken by her husband. Nobody much minds. The porter finds an old sweetheart waiting for him at the inn and the impresario husband, mildly relieved to know that his wife still loves him, delights the singing, eloping porter with a Paris concert contract.

There it is in all its insipidity, and yet somehow the joys of throwing a bonnet over a windmill and spending a day in the country come over simply, amusingly and freshly.

Miss Betty Paul is charming as the French actress whose wilder impulses only rarely break through her surface demureness; but the piece owes even more to Mr. Denis Quilley, who is at once a presentable hero and an attractive singer, a rare combination.

It owes still more to the delightful settings by Mr. Ronald Searle. His drop curtain, with its madly reckless birds and snails, is as good as a short preliminary scene putting us in the mood for the play. His later fantasticalities of a railway waiting-room, a seaside meadow and a village inn are full of inventions as pictorially original as they are theatrically effective, and it helps with the country idyll and the farcical chase that follows to see the moon going to bed in a tasselled night-cap and the sun rising with a straw boater and an eye alive with mischief. Miss Wendy Toye is lucky to have such a collaborator as Mr. Searle, and does everything to deserve her luck.

BACK TO
NATURE

Anthony Cookman

THE American musical, for the first time since *Oklahoma!*, is coming up against a sort of opposition on the West End stage. The tough-minded invader may well be slow to take the methods of the resistance movement quite seriously. No wonder; for we ourselves find them slightly puzzling.

The American musical is entitled, after all, to call itself a work of art. Its achievement has been to make a clean sweep of all the stale, romantic notions left over from Edwardian musical comedy and to integrate (no less swelling a word will serve) song and dance with a story boldly related to life and taken, more often than not, from a serious realistic novel.

No doubt those concerned with this achievement expect that in due course it will give place to something even better, to another work of art, a higher development of itself. They are not ready to believe that the English resistance is really going to take the form of a musical, appealing for support simply in virtue of its artlessness. Is it imaginable that the hard-hitting, hard-boiled, high-powered American musical can be knocked down by a feather?

The latest feather in the battle of styles may be seen moving casually about the stage at the Duke of York's. *Wild Thyme* has the simple country fragrance of its title. Mr. Donald Swann's tunes are perfectly frank in their sentimentality, Mr. Philip Guard's ditties mild in humour and wholly unpretentious, and his story is almost unbelievably naïve.



HOLIDAYMAKER
Ernie Walker (Julian Orchard) dressed for his annual vacation in many-coloured Devon



RAILWAY PORTER Geoff Morris (Denis Quilley) spirits away the French singer (Betty Paul) from her dyspeptic husband (Colin Gordon)



“One For My Baby — One For The Road”

MISS MARLENE DIETRICH is here photographed by A. Armstrong Jones for the first time during an actual cabaret performance at the Café de Paris, wearing top hat, white tie and tails, and singing “One For My Baby—One For The Road,” of which she says, “... a sad, beautiful song. I always loved it, never dared to sing it because most of our great singers had sung and recorded it. During my search for songs for my second appearance at the Café de Paris I mentioned my particular love for this one to Harold Arlen, who composed it. He told me to include it in my programme, and his approval of my rendition destroyed my fears”

At the Pictures

Elspeth Grant

DOG-WATCH SURGERY

YOU should never make a sequel to a successful film: if you do, you're just inviting odious comparisons, asking for trouble, tempting Providence—at least, that is what the cautious men of the movie industry will tell you. I've no doubt that's what they told Miss Betty E. Box, producer of *Doctor in the House*—a brash and, let's face it, corny comedy which took enough money to satisfy the dreams of avarice. Undaunted by advice and even by sad experience (the sequel to *Miranda* was decidedly a flop), Miss Box went ahead to produce *Doctor at Sea*.

Her courage will be well rewarded: I am here to say, in tones of gloomy admiration, that as far as I am concerned she can sign herself "Betty E. Box-Office" from now on.

THIS astute young woman has obviously arrived at the conclusion that the British public is as devoted to old jokes as it is to old motor-cars—and judging from the shouts of laughter and yelps of rapture emitted by my neighbours at the screening I attended, her conclusion is correct.

That I did not react with the same enthusiasm must be put down to a flaw in my own character—a despicable fickleness, perhaps, a nasty craving for novelty; a deplorable lack of respect for the aged and hoar. There can be no other reason for my finding bespectacled spinsters, sea-sickness, tooth extractions and appendicectomy unfunny—unless, of course, it's because I am unmarried, myopic, a bad sailor, dread the dentist and have a horror of operations.

SIMON SPARROW (Mr. Dirk Bogarde), a medical student in the earlier picture, is now fully qualified and in practice. Driven to desperation by the attentions of his senior partner's daughter, a young person played for repulsion by Miss Joan Sims, he uproots himself and signs on as ship's doctor aboard the *Lotus*, a vessel commanded, at the top of his booming voice, by Mr. James Robertson Justice. Everything that could possibly happen to a ship's doctor—including a jolly night in a South American jail—happens to Mr. Bogarde. Mr. Maurice Denham, as an exceedingly knowing steward, sees him through—and gives the most amusing performance in the picture.

A charming young French girl, Mlle. Brigitte Bardot, provides the love interest, Mr. Hubert Gregg contributes a neat study of well-meaning priggishness (and the song, "Je Ne Sais Pas"), and Mr. George Coulouris is endearing as a mild-eyed, alcoholic carpenter, pursued by invisible green Alsations.

Mr. Ralph Thomas has directed with unflagging verve: the story may not be very original, but at least, thanks to him, it moves, as it should, at a rate of knots.

Mr. Bob Hope is back in tremendous form. He plays Eddie Foy, celebrated American

song-and-dance man, in *The Seven Little Foys*. It is a perfectly straight performance and highly effective. Mr. Foy marries a dancer (Miss Milly Vitale), whisks her from the stage into domesticity and, intent upon his own career, does very little else for her except to father her seven babies. At her death, he finds himself confronted with five tough little boys and two tart little girls who scarcely know him.

There is only one thing to do with them, if he is to keep an eye on them, and that is to whip them into a vaudeville act. This he does with a firm hand and considerable success—the resentful brats blossoming at last into real troupers.

The film is well written, with good, sharp dialogue.

A QUARTET of short stories of which the last is the most entertaining, though none is devoid of a certain charm, is offered in *The Bed*.

In the first, Mr. Richard Todd, a British officer billeted on a French woman, is forced by circumstances to act as midwife. In the second, Mlle. Martine Carol, as a deliciously naughty Parisian courtesan, is presented by her protector, a French Prime Minister, with the Pompadour's bed—a national relic which he had no right to bestow. In order to keep it, Mlle. Carol must change her protector with every change of Government

—and it is probably because she accepts the situation so willingly that the film carries an "X" Certificate.

The third story has delightful Miss Dawn Addams, as a professional co-respondent, providing an agreeable elderly gentleman, Signor Vittorio de Sica, with convincing evidence for the divorce upon which his wife insists. The fourth is a lorry-driver's tale of an encounter with a rich, flirtatious minx (Mlle. Françoise Arnoul); the surprise ending and the look of inspired fatuity on the face of Mouloudji, the artisan out of his depth, make the whole film worth a visit.

"JOHN AND JULIE" depends for its appeal upon two children, Master Colin Gibson, a newcomer aged twelve, and Miss Lesley Dudley who, aged six, is appearing in a film for the tenth time. They are nice children, so it's safe enough. Their adventures when they run away from home in Dorset to go to London to see the Queen at her Coronation put no great strain on them or on one's credulity. It tends to be a rather sugary picture—but for those who like a little salt with their cinema there is always Mr. Sidney James, who barges through the piece grumbling splendidly as only an Englishman can.

Ulysses, with Mr. Kirk Douglas monstrously miscast in the title role, is no more than proof positive that the greatest story in the world, poorly recounted, can be duller than the worst joke well-told.



TIRED FILM STAR, Wildfire, the bull terrier, who stars in *The Bar Sinister*. This comedy drama, in Cinemascope and colour, is taken from the short story by Richard Harding Davis



HILARIOUS SEQUEL to *Doctor in the House* is the film version of Richard Gordon's second book, *Doctor at Sea*. Above: Dr. Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde) with Helene (Brigitte Bardot)



JULIE (Lesley Dudley) questions John (Colin Gibson) during the bicycle ride which takes them to the Coronation in *John and Julie*

Television



NO TIME TO HESITATE

NOTHING is very clear yet about the quite near future of TV; least of all whether the B.B.C. has made its choice of weapons for the imminent meeting with its rival. One school favours reliance on superior skill and experience to turn the B.B.C. into the Third Programme of TV. The other believes in rushing to compete with commercial TV on its own ground. The latter influence presumably prevailed on the B.B.C. to present an English version of the commercial programme which has created something of a furore in the United States. "This IS You" (next Tuesday) is the biographical revelation which out-Pickles Pickles.

The English version, it is hinted, will be a shade more gentlemanly and reticent. But the American chairman Ralph Edwards will be on duty and there is a general mysterious air of "you have been warned."

ON the Third Programme side, I suppose, is Friday's performance of the Glyndebourne *Barber of Seville*, with a preview to-morrow by Gerald Moore. I believe I was in a minority last year in thinking the Glyndebourne *Don Giovanni* one of the greatest treats TV brought viewers.

For the rest, story-telling is coming into season. To-night Rene Ray is telling some of her own stories. I remember that she does so most agreeably, though with less bravura than I have seen Moira Lister tell tales by De Maupassant.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



David Sim

TIBOR KUNSTLER, the Hungarian-born violinist, plays for dancing with his Gipsy Orchestra at Quaglino's and the Allegro. He has made several popular recordings. As a P.O.W. in Java he cut many of his compositions on wood

Gramophone

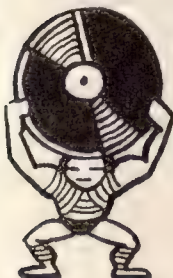
GOOD DECKMANSHIP

THERE will be many who remembered and enjoyed the Vincent Youmans musical *Hit the Deck* at the London Hippodrome in the late '20's—and this excellent score is most efficiently and effectively revived with the aid of Perspecta Stereophonic sound in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film version of it. Jane Powell, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, Vic Damone, Ann Miller, Russ Tamblyn and Kay Armen all make first-rate contributions, supported by the M.-G.-M. studio orchestra conducted by George Stoll.

This set of four 78 recordings or two Extended Plays is a fine example of intelligent interpretation, precision and, where necessary, pace. The whole sparkles its way out of the grooves so convincingly that it is not surprising that M.-G.-M. has seen fit to revive it. Tony Martin's singing is particularly easy on the ear, and this time Vic Damone has a better opportunity to show his potentiality towards vocal stardom. "Sometimes I'm Happy," "More Than You Know," "I Know That You Know" and "Hallelujah" are but four of the nine numbers set down with such élan. (M.-G.-M. 836-839, M.-G.-M. EP. 525-526.)

A GRAND job of work by that amazing character Woody Herman and his New Third Herd is "Sorry About The Whole Darned Thing" and "Love's A Dog." The vocals are smartly set down by Mr. Herman in person. His approach and timing are so exactly right that one might overlook the subtleties of the Herd's backing, which would be a great pity, for it is quite a *quelquechose*! (London HL. 8122.)

—Robert Tredinnick

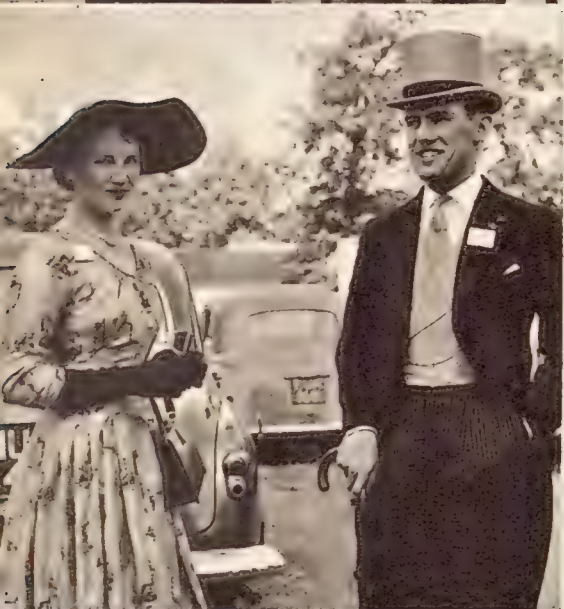


Edgar Brind

KITZA KAZACOS, who made her London debut in cabaret at the Arts Club this month, is celebrated in cabaret on the Continent. Daughter of a Greek general and wife of an Englishman, she has made several recordings for M.-G.-M.



Mrs. John Ferdinand, an American visitor, and the Earl of Carnarvon, who has owned many good horses



The Hon. James and Mrs. Remnant. He is the son and heir of Lord Remnant, of Bear Place, Twyford, Berkshire



Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, son of Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham, who was talking to Miss Gillian Hewett



The Marquess and Marchioness of Townshend, whose home is beautiful and historic Raynham Hall, in Norfolk, with Mr. A. B. Meyer



A general view of the paddock showing spectators to all enclosures, filling to capacity the ch...

THE QUEEN'S ON TRIUMPH

SPECTATORS at the post-race meetings saw five days of magnificent racing. Her Majesty was present. Graciosa won the Queen's colt and there was a treble triumph. Large crowds attended every day and the smallest was on the Thursday, when a tragic storm incident on that day was much higher. At the Ascot Heat the richest racing prize, the King George Stakes, was won for the first time by a French three-year-old, owned by Lord Ridden by Poincelet, beat the gallop...



tion of the enormous crowds who flocked
h greater space now available to racegoers

RACE MEETING OVER DELAY

Royal Ascot and Ascot Heath
ificent racing, on three of which
eering greeted the well-deserved
e in the King George V. Stakes,
s, for the popular Arundel stable.
the meeting, though, fortunately,
otherwise the casualties in the
ould in all probability have been
eeting on the Saturday, England's
orge VI. and Queen Elizabeth
horse from overseas. Vimy, the
ns. P. Wertheimer, and superbly
British hope Acropolis by a head

Lady Caroline and
Major Hugo
Waterhouse. Lady
Caroline is the
second of the Duke
and Duchess of
Marlborough's
three daughters



The Hon. Anthony
Barnewall, elder
son and heir of
Lord Trimlestown,
was escorting
Miss Susan Clark



The Hon. Mrs. John Wills and the Marquess
of Blandford, who had been watching the
racing from the Royal Box each day



Lady Winnington and her husband,
Sir Francis Winnington, Bt., who
live at Stanford Court, Worcester.

Standing By . . .

HAIL AND FAREWELL

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TRAMPS producing a battered Horace from their rags (every high-class Edwardian essayist used to meet one of these) have vanished long since from the roads of Britain. Hikers are now vanishing likewise, reports one of Auntie Times's sleuths.

This, a chap in close touch tells us, is a matter of genetics. The sturdy old hiking breed is dying out because the long, stringy male no longer mates exclusively with the short, square female to reproduce the species exactly. We can confirm this, having some time ago encountered in Catalonia, on the road between Monistrol and the holy mountain of Monserrat, a huge female hiker in bulgy shorts, addressed as "Poppet," bouncing along in command of two short, thin, depressed and overburdened males, bearing the names, which the big girl hallooed constantly to the reverberate hills, of Ricko and Mugsy. We took these to be a couple of Poppet's husbands, in the Himalayan tribal style. Obviously a variation of this kind upsets all genetic calculations. We should say the offspring would have two or three heads apiece, for a start. To Ricko and Mugsy, who seemed to be meditating suicide, the same unhappy thought may have occurred.

*Llorad, corazon,
que teneis razon!*

"Weep, heart—how right you are!" Possibly, like the fearsome American spider known as the Black Widow, Poppet ate her sombre mates before they saw the cliffs of Dover once more. They will be missed on the rolling roads of home, though perhaps not terribly.

Sphinx

A SWEETHEART who recently became a TV celebrity overnight by the simple process, as a critic-boy remarked, of saying nothing, should go far, in our unfortunate view; like her beautiful redheaded exemplar Miss Siddall, better known as Rossetti's Blessed Damozel.

La Siddall put it across the Chelsea art boys and the intelligentsia at large by being in a kind of perpetual mystic trance, rarely opening her mouth except to eat. This was because she had nothing to say, and we ask you white men to admire Rossetti's sweetie for so skilfully capitalising dumbness, whereas her average blonde sister is apt to drive gentlemen crazy by aimless twittering. E.g., the chap in the poem:

... I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain (etc.).

Verdict, accidental death, and as the coroner probably remarked: "The whole thing was carried out in a decent manner, as one might assume from Mr. Faunce-thorpe's blazer alone, and I am sure we all wish the Ramblers a very successful season." However, for sweethearts who prefer

survival the Siddall Way is best. Tell Babs to keep that curly tongue in.

Rescue

"BOYS, the Bank of Monaco needs us!" Would to Heaven we had been in Monte Carlo the other day when the cry rang out over the palms and mimosas, and thirteen foreign banks immediately downed ledgers and rushed—led, as we need hardly say, by the most generous, biggest-hearted, most truly British old bank in the world—to succour their stricken comrade, then fainting (*vide* Press) under a £700,000 deficit. The Monégasques are wiping red eyes even now, our spies report.

The only jarring note, our spies add, came at the end. While the Bank of Monaco was still embracing its rescuers and murmuring "Merci," and "Nobles cœurs," a sneering voice from the back suddenly said something about "under certain conditions." Everybody started violently. Glances of angry amazement were cast at the bank which had thus spoken (we can guess its odious name). Mother Barclay's bosom heaved with shame, and the shocked bewilderment in the eyes of the Bank of Monaco was quite pitiful.

"Conditions?"

We know exactly how the Bank of Monaco felt—as if the marble floor had given way. In our own case years ago we were nodding brightly and smiling and picking up our gloves to depart. We have never spoken to that bank since. Apparently it is noted for this trick. We spit on it, *pfui*, and kiss our hand to *Bonne-Maman*, as they call her on the Riviera; the only bank that lives for love alone.



BRIGGS



by

GRAHAM



Sir Horace and Lady Evans with their daughter, Miss Jean Evans. Behind is a portrait of Lord Moynihan



The Knight Principal, Sir Gerald Wollaston, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who is Norroy and Ulster King of Arms, was waiting with Lady Wollaston, to receive their guests in the Council Room

THE IMPERIAL SOCIETY of Knights Bachelor held its annual reception at the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by the kind offices of Lord Webb-Johnson. This most enjoyable occasion was attended by some 160 guests, many of whom took the opportunity to view the unique Medical Museum under the guidance of members of the Royal College



Lady Duke-Elder, Mr. E. A. Fullerton and Mr. J. F. C. Underhill. The R.A.M.C. orchestra played musical items



Sir Russell Brock, the heart specialist, was present with Miss Mary Brock, Lady Russell Brock and Miss Margaret Brock at this very pleasant occasion



Miss Anne Thyne was talking to Sir Stewart Duke-Elder, Surgeon-Oculist to the Queen

Priscilla in Paris

CALLING ALL CARS



MME. MIGUEL DE GERMÁN-RIBÓN, formerly Laura Chiesa, is the wife of the Minister Counsellor of the Colombian Embassy in France. Her house in the Rue Dumont d'Urville is one of the few English-type houses in Paris. When in Colombia, they stay near Bogota on their lovely farm, "La Conchita."



F. J. Goodman

MLLE. MARIA ELENA DI ROVASCENDA photographed at home in the Rue Maspero, Paris. The Count di Rovascenda, her father, is Italian, and her mother, formerly Beatriz di Rivera, is a kinswoman of the Spanish Ambassador in London.

WHAT a perfectly horrible holiday gift! Should they have the wish to do so and the financial wherewithal to satisfy that sadistic desire, it seems that, very soon, private drivers—just like the police—will be able to telephone from their cars. Considering how many of us, from overwork or over-play, are heading for the loony-bin as it is, I doubt whether this will be the fun-and-games-for-all that the authorities appear to imagine.

When I think of the people I know who have been waiting in vain for months to get a line laid to their new house or flat the whole business adds injury to insult.

We are tired of telephones just now, tired of town and traffic. We want to get away from sudden noises.

I WENT to a quiet party at the Jean Edelmanns the other evening. They have a big flat in an old house on the Left Bank, which is mentioned in a census taken in 1628. Necker, the great "honest financier" of the eighteenth century, lived there with his daughter, Madame de Staël. She was a lovely and witty bluestocking who, later, was persecuted by Napoleon, who found her too outspoken for his taste.

We were lazing in well-cushioned deck-chairs on the terrace that overlooks a big, tree-planted garden, such as one still finds in that part of Paris. In the flat someone, very softly, was playing the piano by candlelight and all was peace and quietness. Then, of course, the telephone shattered the restful silence. Somebody knocked over a glass in the semi-darkness of the music room and we came down to earth.

PAINTING is another occupation of the Edelmanns. Jean has just had a show at the Galerie Boler and Catherine—professionally: Catherine Cambier—is finishing the decoration of some period pieces of furniture that had been passed for firewood by an antiquarian defeatist. Her bird and flower pieces on glass are very lovely also, and there is a matter of three small persons named Isabelle, Frederic and Marc . . . but that is an affair of the nursery rather than of the studio!

M. Pierre Gaxotte, the eminent historian who is one of the younger members of the Académie Française, has a great deal of Catherine Cambier's work at his country house near Amboise as well as in Paris, and she has done the decoration of the comtesse Haliez' new flat near the Invalides.

Pleasant but slightly sad moments were passed at the Bibliothèque-Musée de la Danse of the Grand Opera House this week. Pleasant because a very charming

lady was being honoured, sad because the occasion was her retirement after sixty years of brilliant service to *la Danse*.

MADAME Carlotta Zambelli entered the *corps de ballet* of the Grand Opera House when she was a girl of fifteen and became, in due time, the great *première danseuse* of her day. The last ballet in which she appeared, creating the principal rôle, was *Cydalise et le Chèvrepied*, in 1923. Since then she has been the greatly loved—and greatly dreaded—ballet mistress of the Opera House.

Her seventy-five years have not altered her slim figure, her graceful carriage and perfect *port de tête*.

Speeches and bouquets celebrated this occasion. There were sighs as well as smiles when Fernand Gregh of the Académie Française, who is a lifelong admirer, evoked the past, and even Serge Lifar, although he has so often been the modern thorn amongst the classic roses of her career, paid verbal homage.



THE Bibliothèque-Musée of the Opera House is situated in the rotunda overlooking the rue Scribe. The rich, broad, dark-carpeted staircase that rises to the first floor is used by the President of the Republic and visiting Royalty on gala

nights. On the right it leads to the auditorium, on the left is the library, with its columnated central room and book-lined walls.

In vitrines and showcases one finds moving and pathetic souvenirs of great dancers. A ballet shoe worn by Marie Taglioni, her wings in *Sylphide*; the feathered cap that crowned Pavlova in the *Dying Swan*; faded silken rose petals from Nijinsky's costume in the *Spectre de la Rose*; old programmes, designs for costumes, *maquettes* of famous décors; all the faded but lovely, shoddy but priceless, trivial but expressive bits-and-pieces of long ago that evoke the past so vividly.

IN all this flotsam of other days something stirs my heart more than all the rest.

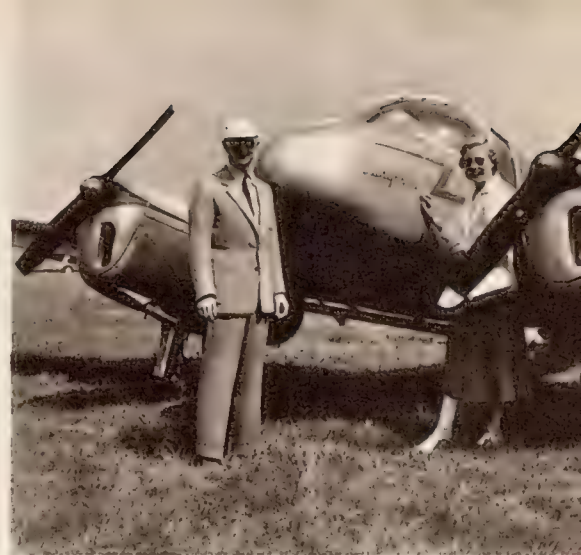
Two plain little wedding rings in a vitrine of jewels. They are worn to the thinness of fine wire and have belonged to a Mlle. Collomb who, in 1784, became the wife of the vicomte Quengo de Tonguedec. The not-very-famous little dancer married her aristocrat. Then came the Revolution. . . Which of the two lovers survived the other? How tragic.

Haute Ecole

- Petit Pierre has been reproved for bad language picked up at school. Passing a farm he sees some cows. "Mama," he asks, "do they know they are called 'cows'?"



Mr. J. Harris Reed, who flew from Northumberland in his *Tipsy*, with Col. R. C. Preston, Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club, and Mrs. Preston



Mr. Eric Pasold, who arrived in his *Gemini* from White Waltham, was accompanied by Miss Cynthia Boyer



Mr. J. C. Elwes had just landed in his *Miles Messenger*, accompanied by Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., C.B.E., R.N. (Retd.)

DEAUVILLE ENTERTAINED THE AVIATORS

Members of the R.Ae.C.
Had Air Rally in France

M. ANDRE was host to 270 members and associate members of the Royal Aero Club at Deauville, and entertained them with his usual bountiful hospitality. More than seventy-five private aircraft took the party over from England



Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower watching the golf match between the visitors and the Aero Club of France



The President of the Aero Club of France, M. J. Allez, M.B.E., and Lord Brabazon of Tara, president of the Royal Aero Club



Mrs. J. C. C. Taylor, Baron T. M. Wedell-Wedellsborg (Denmark), and Capt. J. C. C. Taylor, from London, on the plage

Clayton Evans

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

HUXLEY RIDES AGAIN

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) cannot but focus interest—it's "the new Aldous Huxley." Moreover, it is a novel: short, but 100 per cent. story. Indeed, one could almost say, a return to the earlier Huxley manner. This novelist is one of the English few whom one could call, definitely, an Intellectual—prone to be less interested in people than in the causations which make them tick and the theories illustrated by their behaviour. I have always thought him better at the short story, partly because that short-circuits talk (in his longer books, the characters talk their heads off), partly because one great asset he has is drama—see *The Gioconda Smile*, *Nuns at Luncheon* and several more first-rate tales of a number of years ago.

Sex, in its rather more disillusioned forms, has always interested Mr. Huxley. His vitriolic anti-sentimentality, plus ruthlessness, rejoiced us young people back in the 1920's, and rattled our elders—or so we thought.

Now that one is an elder, one wonders why. *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay* and *Those Barren Leaves* could now seem no more than period pieces, but for the fact that they're superb writing, rich-textured, the work of a brilliant mind. And now, what? The author is, like our century, in his middle years. Never standing still, he has made continuous growth, in the course of which he has left us for California. His store of learning, his scholarly interest in the monstrous, goes on increasing; and metaphysics are more and more his terrain.

Any Huxley volume tends to be highly-charged, close-packed. I admit to opening *The Genius and the Goddess* (on a hot, indeed brain-melting afternoon) with a feeling that I might not be up to it. With relief, I found it a simple though violent story. Theme: the eternal triangle.

The genius, married to the goddess, is a tiny, elderly physicist with an outsize brain. Infatigable in every other way, he clings leech-like to his glowing maternal wife. She, a Californian beauty, in girlhood broke off an excellent match to marry him. Her name is Katy. In a modest home in the American city of St. Louis she darns socks, placidly half-attentive to her children. So, one gathers, might everything have gone on had not Henry Maartens (the husband, that is, the genius) summoned to St. Louis, as his assistant, a naïve and youthful Adonis called John Rivers.

It is to be Rivers who tells the story—a Rivers thirty years older, sadder and wiser.

For the happenings in *The Genius and the Goddess* take place back in our old friend the 1920's. I don't say they could have happened only then, but only then could they have happened just as they did. And Mr. Huxley's own genius, in this story, shows no less in its placing than in its time—the scene *had*, virtually, to be American. The youthful Rivers is an Ohio product: only son of a minister, he has been reared by a fanatical minister's widow mother on

the very highest precepts, including chastity.

So far, the girls have been fended off. When, at twenty-eight, he goes to St. Louis to assist the idolised Maartens in atomic research (which by then, as we know, had not reached an explosive point) he still sports the lily of a blameless life.

Katy, the goddess, the pagan, the great Californian peach, is to be an eye-opener—not, however, at once: Rivers boards with the Maartens family; he more-over falls into idealistic love with the Maartens family as a whole. He is fallen in love with, to his discomfort, by Ruth, the fourteen-year-old Maartens daughter—a temperamental, superb Aldous Huxley child. (Some, indeed, may feel that Ruth steals the picture.) Only later does a concatenation of circumstances bring him into the shattering grip of Katy.

A GONIES of conscience, plus intense bliss, can seldom have been better portrayed.

Rivers' tying up of himself into introspective knots is regarded by Katy with



From Vice-Admiral Dover to C.-in-C., Nore: "The services of Lady Brassey last night in what might have been a difficult predicament were much appreciated, particularly by War Nizam." This message, with its amusing illustration, is taken from *Make a Signal* 1, by Capt. Jack Broome, D.S.C., R.N. (Putnam; 16s.)

bland wonder. Ethics fail to interest her: her serenity continues, through all, to be semi-divine. And the genius, totally unobservant, goes on being gay as a bird. Not so, however, his daughter—Ruth's watchful jealousy brings about the crisis. The total shock of the end is Mr. Huxley's masterpiece—the reader, no more prepared for it than was John Rivers, can hardly fail to react with the same dazed horror.

The Genius and the Goddess is, in fact, a triumph of sheer narrative—rare in our day. This tale has no moral—it is deprived of one by an unforeseen, hatchet-like blow from Fate. The point, I think, resides in the opening sentence. "Reality," says John Rivers, "never makes sense."

★ ★ ★

THE TEMPTATION OF ROGER HERIOTT (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) originally attracted me by its title which suggests the, to me, dear Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Edward Newhouse (who is, in fact,



MANY TREASURES are illustrated in that absorbing work, *The Antiques Yearbook* (Tantivy Press; 8s. 6d.), among them the Meissen monkey coffee-pot of 1745 (Antique Porcelain Co.) shown above; a bracket clock by the great craftsman Thomas Best (M. Harris and Sons), below; and, at bottom, an early Ming carving (John Sparks Ltd.)



the author) cannot but wield a more modern pen. American, he did not fail to be spotted—on the strength of his earlier novel, *Many are Called*—by our Dylan Thomas and George Orwell. Death denies to those two the following of the Newhouse later career. *The Temptation of Roger Heriott*, as I see it, could disappoint no reasonable hopes.

This is a sound story, subtle yet straightforward. Subject, a marriage, and the various forces apt to assail a marriage from the outside. Infidelity in the accepted sense is not a factor—Carol, our hero's rakish girl cousin (more sympathetic than his wife), rocks the boat only slightly by wild talk. Mary Heriott, however, taxes Roger with infidelity of another kind—tendency to lapse from the high ideals on which had been built up their married life.

Mr. Newhouse outwits us in one sense—he never quite shows his hand as to his characters. Roger one likes enjoyably, throughout—but is or is not one intended to see Mary as a whimsical, bossy, neurotic prig? She is thirty, and only keeping her looks to the extent that thoroughly good girls do. The Heriotts live in the country outside New York; and Roger "commutes"—with a sense of guilt as to the running cost of his motor-car.

Money is short, as in most nice families. There are two children (Mary's specification) and the boy deserves to go to a better school. Roger owes his job, and a salary greater than he otherwise might have hoped for (he might have had to teach English in some small college) to his Uncle Charles, a successful lawyer—father, too, of the ever-in-trouble Carol.

UNCLE CHARLES, with his affable cynicism, is one of the threats to Roger's integrity. Another is Mary's father, graceless but likeable old rip who reappears, brandishing a substantial fortune, with a clear wish to endow the Heriott family. Mary—lacerated in childhood by Mr. Munn's goings on—would rather starve, she says, than accept a cent: Roger, who after all has to pay the bills, not only likes the old fellow but thinks twice. The third threat (or crisis) arises through the question of an award from a fund for which Roger is secretary: the likely and indeed most deserving candidate, prodigy violinist of fifteen, is discovered to be a kleptomaniac. Should this flaw be concealed, in the interest of the genius's future, or should it not? Our hero must steer the matter—which may cost him the favour of Uncle Charles.

The boy genius's fearful mother is drawn with consummate skill. But then so, I may tell you, are all the characters. *The Temptation of Roger Heriott* should appeal, I think, to all men married to truly wonderful girls. Indeed, so good is this novel (never a boring page) that it should really appeal to everyone.

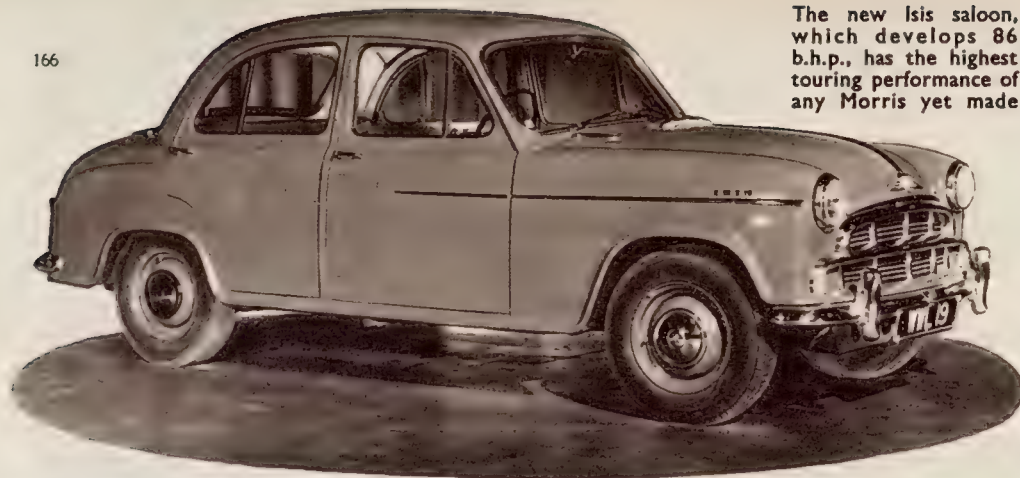
★ ★ ★

A CLASSIC literary "shocker" is THERESE RAQUIN. Emile Zola's naturalistic genius gives status to this otherwise sordid tale of passion and murder: setting, a shabby corner of Paris, back in the last century. A new and first-rate translation of this masterpiece has been made by Philip G. Downs: *Therese Raquin*, in English, now comes to us from Messrs. Heinemann, at 15s. The wrapper, apparent black lace over yellow satin, makes this book cry out for a place on your drawing-room table—do be careful, however, who picks it up! Stage and screen have already shown us these hellbent lovers, but in Zola's remorseless prose they seem worst of all.

PLEASURE-DOME OF FLORIZEL

BRIGHTON PAVILION, exotic seaside pleasure of George IV. both as Prince of Wales (right) and King, is approaching more and more nearly its pristine splendour, its latest addition being a gift on permanent loan from the Queen of much of its original furniture. Visitors to the present Regency exhibition there, which lasts until Sept. 25th, can see among other rooms the Chinese Corridor and Gallery (below) and (at bottom) the North Drawing Room





Motoring

IT PAYS TO TIP-TOE

MUCH can be said in favour of the characteristic approach of British designers to the introduction of new models. It was exemplified by the new Morris Isis saloon, which made its first appearance in London a couple of weeks ago. The specification is traditional and engineering novelties are either not introduced or are introduced so gradually and so cautiously that they go almost unnoticed.

Technical people sometimes show impatience at this gentle form of progress and demand sweeping innovations, such as Continental makers favour. But for ordinary day-to-day use the car which follows closely to the pattern of previous models must be somewhat more trustworthy than the car which is pioneering. In fact, it is a truism that a model becomes completely trustworthy almost at the moment when it becomes completely obsolete!

So the Isis is not, and could not be expected to be, an earth-shaking innovator. It is a fully-equipped saloon with a 2.6-litre six-cylinder engine with push-rod operated overhead valves and four-speed synchromesh gear-box. There is independent suspension at the front with torsion bar springing and semi-elliptic springs at the rear. The price of the standard Isis saloon, inclusive of purchase tax, is £801 10s. 10d.

HERE are a few things to be noted about the Isis. The doors are all hinged at their leading edges so that the risks to which I have often called attention in these articles when doors are hinged at the trailing edge are eliminated. It is a most important point, as those with experience of the kinds of accidents which happen with rear-hinged doors know. The gear-change lever is on the steering column, a position not intrinsically as good as the central floor mounting, but having the advantage in the case of the Isis of allowing room for three people on the seat.

The station wagon on this chassis is known as the Morris Isis Traveller. It has an all-metal body and seats six with occasional seats for two more. By folding the seats a full-width flat floor is obtainable. The jacking system is of the side-lift variety. The price of the Isis Traveller, inclusive of purchase tax, is £957 7s. 6d.

Coming events are casting somewhat long shadows before, in the first release by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders on the Earls Court Motor Show. The dates are October 19 to 29, and the Show will be opened by Admiral Earl

Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord. The Society says that the arrangements for visitors from overseas will be much the same as in past years. A display of about 300 cars from seven nations, with all the other usual things like caravans and motor-boats, is expected.

ONE thing we can do now is to express the hope that the greatest care will be taken to provide good catering. We have lately read in a letter printed by a great newspaper how admirable English chefs are. Very well; let them demonstrate it at this year's Motor Show. I personally believe that there are many good English chefs; but they are rarely given a chance to show their skill. Our catering establishments, hotels and inns will not provide them with the materials or the equipment. They boggle at the price of really good kitchen utensils, and many essentials to the culinary art (chervil, tarragon, truffles) are difficult to get.

Events such as the Motor Show offer a splendid opportunity to those who would prove the excellence of English cooking. If they fail to take that opportunity it is their fault if the widespread belief that we in this country know nothing about cooking, or the preparation and serving of food and drinks, continues to hold.

My remarks the other day about the Le Mans accident have brought me a number of letters, one from a reader who was close beside the spot where the initial damage was done. In general, my correspondents endorse the views already expressed that it is a waste of time trying to apportion "blame." Any such attempt is likely to lead to injustice.

Note one valuable lesson, however. The sequence of the crash itself was simply and solely a scaled-up version of the kind of accident that happens every day on the roads. A car is being followed by another car going much faster and preparing to overtake. The car in front suddenly alters course across the path of the overtaker.

LET us put the maxim that arises out of this sequence in the fewest words:

When turning off a straight course; the slower the speed, the greater must be the precautions. The basic fact is that as a car's speed rises, so it becomes more and more locked on a straight course. At 100 miles an hour, it cannot suddenly turn through a sharp angle, as it can at 10 m.p.h.

At all times and at all speeds the car should be kept straight until the movements of all other vehicles in the vicinity have been checked. Thus in traffic, if the car ahead suddenly slows, the following car should never (and this manoeuvre is seen every day) suddenly swing to the side of that car. It should keep on a straight course and slow behind the other car. Faster traffic may be coming up on the right or left. May one appeal to drivers to give up this pernicious habit of lane swapping.

INEVITABLY the appearance of the Austin turbocar at the celebrations led to many inquiries about the progress being made with this form of vehicle. From the behaviour of the Austin—especially the coolness of the exhaust gases—it would seem that a turbine car could be put on the market at once. But manufacturers hold up their hands in horror at the thought and repeatedly warn us that we shall have to wait for years before the turbine car is available on the ordinary market.

— Oliver Stewart



"Nothing to worry about—Kennedy's one of our best men"

THEATRE GIRLS

HELPED CHARITY

WINDMILL Girls from the London theatre helped to run a garden party and fête at Le Court, the Cheshire Foundation Home for the Sick, at Great-ham, Hants, which raised an excellent sum for the valuable and much-needed Foundation



A veteran Wolseley Siddeley 1906 car, driven by Clifford Ewins in "period costume," en route to the garden party at Greatham, near Liss



Joan Hodgins and Doris Deal talking to Miss Grace Gaiger, M.B.E. (left), a former Army nursing matron, and a visiting friend



Vicki Darnell and Joan Hodgins were passengers in a 1906 Swift, owned and driven by Leslie Kerridge. These old cars, still in good running order, were a source of great interest to patrons of the fête



John Gregson, a star of the film comedy "Genevieve," with G/Capt. Cheshire, V.C., founder of the Le Court and other homes for the sick

This suit by Country Life is made of grey Shetland tweed checked with yellow and tan, classically plain, with short high revers and a rather deep basque. It is stocked by Jenners of Edinburgh and its price is £27 2s. 6d.

CHOICE OF THE WEEK

MARIEL DEANS



A simple little grey felt hat, trimmed with a band of the same felt, has a brim with a becoming dip to it. It costs £2 19s. 6d. and comes from Jenners also



THE TIME FOR SUITS is fast approaching, with the start of the shooting season in Scotland on August 12, and the inevitable change of the weather will find us turning out in our country tweeds and worsteds, before the November fogs send us huddling into top coats and furs. A good suit is a real possession and ought to be chosen with great care, for it is something that should last and last. Below: The poplin shirt worn with the suit has a neat high neckline and turns down into a low vee and three-quarter length sleeves. It comes from Jenners and costs 54s. 6d.

Tweed rehearsal for the moors





For the boat and the shore

Casuals which are new
and intensely practical

AT this season of the year (writes Mariel Deans), when every boatyard, creek and hard is alive with sailing craft, we offer four pages of photographs of the sort of tough outfits which we are assured are popular for this type of holiday. Above and left: These red sailcloth dungarees from Lillywhites have a detachable bib-top that can be unzipped at the waist, leaving a perfectly plain pair of trousers. The white cotton dolman sleeved wind-cheater has ribbed collar and cuffs



A white pleated
cotton skirt worn with
a double-breasted
navy blue pilot
cloth blazer that is
lined with dark red.
The high necked
fisherman's jumper
that is worn under-
neath it is also dark
blue. All obtainable
from Moss Bros.
10 Covent Garden



Simpson's white
wool sweater is in a
heavy ribbed knit.
Loose and casual it is
just the thing to wear
with slacks. We show
it with a blue and
white cotton square
worn round the neck

continuing—

For the boat and the shore

The seafarer favours adventurous clothes



The red sailcloth dungarees from Lillywhites (depicted on a previous page) are seen here with the detachable bib-top

Canvas jeans and jacket from Gordon Lowe worn with a French sailor's collarless sweater in blue and white striped wool

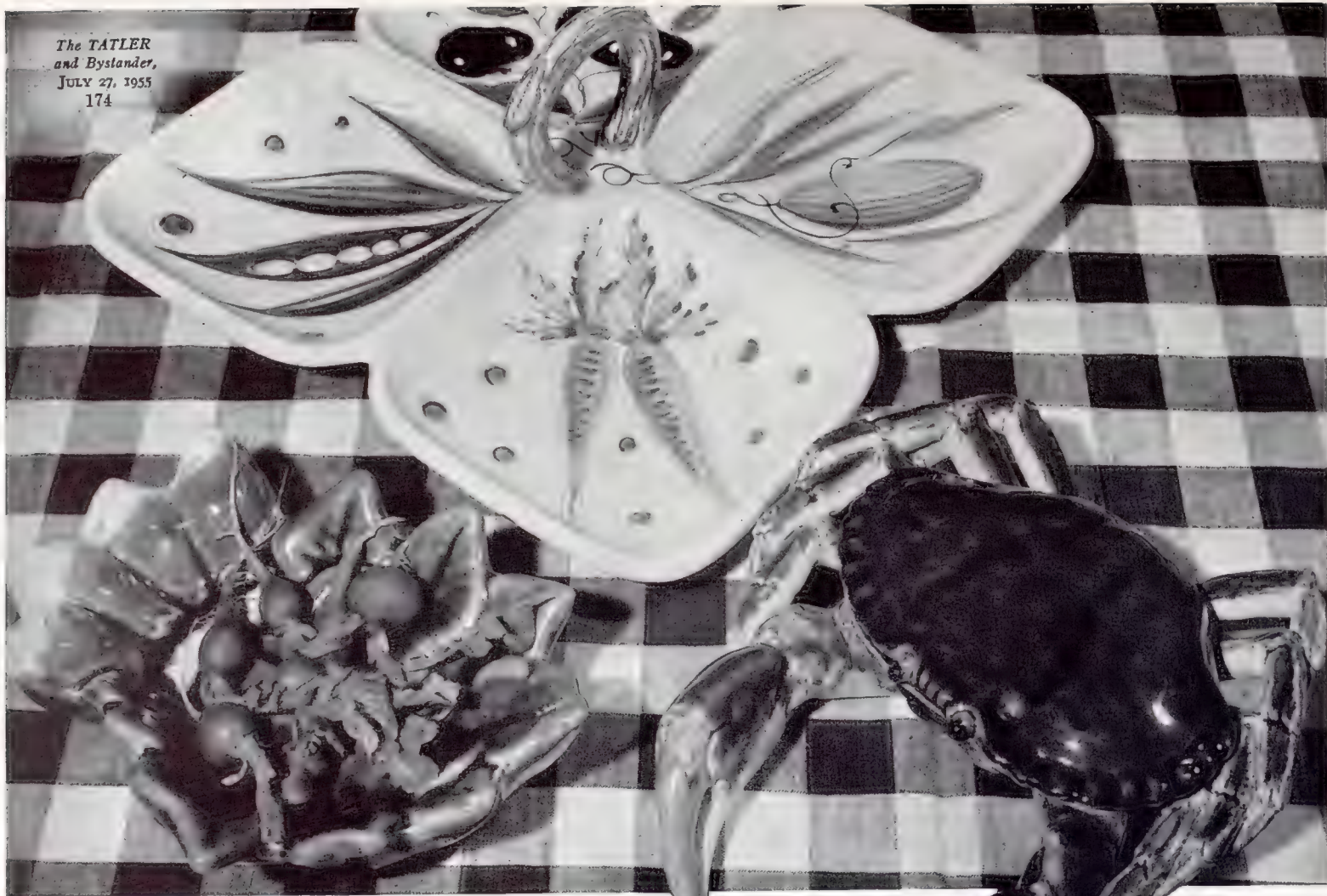


BRIGHT, practical, and easy to wear, these gay outfits, made in strong hard-wearing material are, we feel, just right for the strenuous needs of a holiday afloat, and equal to the rigours of a changeable climate

Below, the long boldly striped wool sweater from Gordon Lowe is shown without the canvas jacket

A Cornish breaker of bright yellow lightweight sailcloth worn with navy blue sailcloth shorts from Simpsons of Piccadilly





Radish dish 22s. 6d.,
hors d'oeuvres dish
£4 4s. (Woollands).
Crab dish 59s. 6d.
(Story's, Kensington)



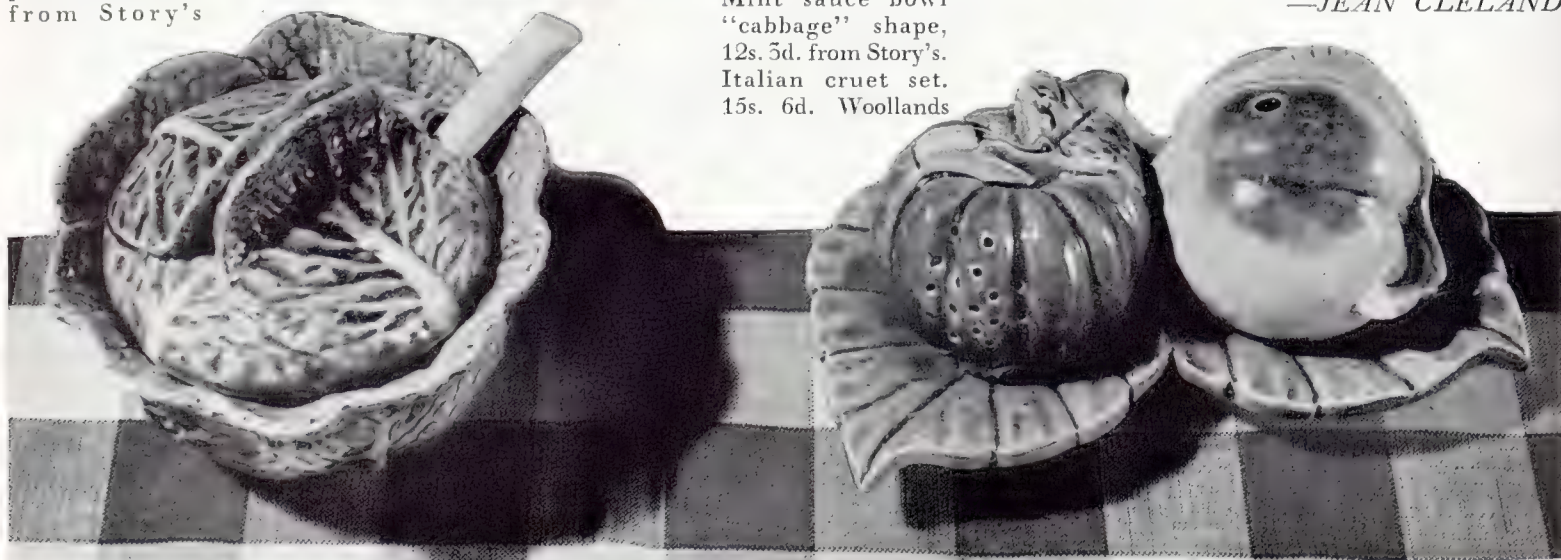
A "cauliflower"
dish in Portu-
guese ware. Its
price is £2 8s. 6d.
from Story's

Still-life sculptures grace the salad table

FOR summer meals these gay and unusual salad dishes have been designed specially to give colour and originality to the cold collation which appears so much on the table for meals during periods of the real summer weather

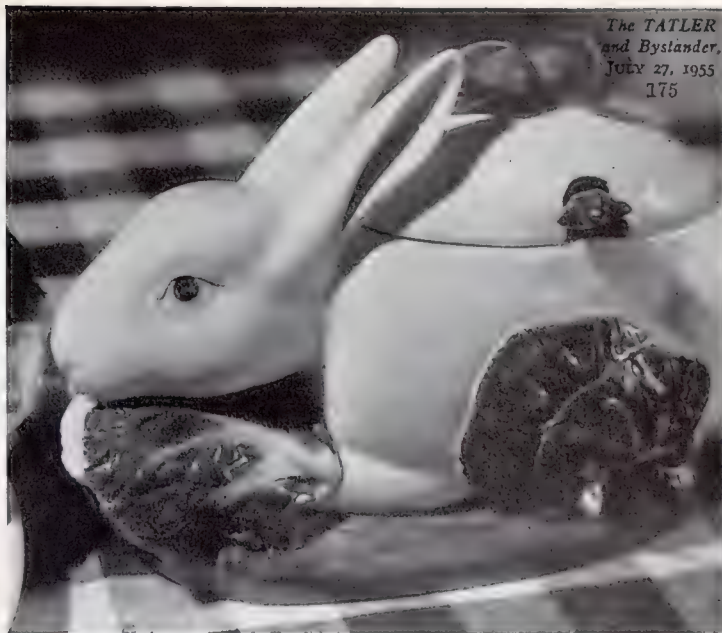
—JEAN CLELAND

Mint sauce bowl
"cabbage" shape,
12s. 5d. from Story's.
Italian cruet set,
15s. 6d. Woollands





Salad plates in Portuguese ware. Round "cabbage leaf" 9s. 9d. and crescent price 7s. 3d. From Story's



The TATLER
and Bystander,
JULY 27, 1955
175

This rabbit-shaped tureen with spoon is for serving cucumber and lettuce. Story's have it at £1 1s.



Decorative little "carrot" and "onion" dishes for hors d'oeuvres or salads. Price 15s. 9d. each from Fortnum and Mason

An extremely useful pair of wooden servers with china handles in the shape of leeks. Price 18s. 6d. from Story's





ALTOGETHER REFRESHING is a laze in the sunshine with your eyes covered by pads impregnated with Optrex lotion

Walter Bird

Beauty

Eye care in summertime

Jean Cleland

DUST, heat, strong sunshine and glare are all very trying to the eyes, and during the summer months it is well worth while to give them a little extra attention.

A daily eye bath with a good lotion helps to minimize strain and keep them fresh and clear. There are many excellent makes such as Optrex, prepared from plant extracts in combination with valuable inorganic salts—Herbal Lotion made by Helena Rubinstein, very soothing—Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Special Eye Lotion, and her Crystalline Eye Drops, specially recommended for occasional use, when the eyes are looking red or dull, or before going out in the evening.

THERE are many others too numerous to mention, but whichever you choose, it will be doubly effective if you use it the right way. Only half fill the eye-bath, so that the lotion can move freely, and swirl over the eyeballs as the head is tilted backwards and forwards and from side to side. This acts as a gentle massage, and at the same time ensures the complete washing away of any dust or dirt that may be there.

After a day in the sun, the eyes often feel hot and tired, and the best way of relieving strain is to soak two pads of cotton-wool in eye lotion, place them over the closed lids, and then cover them with a piece of black silk or a dark handkerchief. This shutting out of all light is wonderfully restful, and if you lie back and relax this way for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, you will get up with a new vision.

MOST of us tend to screw up our eyes during the summer, and this is one of the causes of those small wrinkles, which, if allowed to deepen and persist, are extremely ageing. The wearing of dark glasses is one way of guarding against the trouble, and every year now the designs for frames are becoming more and more attractive. One of the very latest ideas is to have the special sets in which sun glasses and ear-rings are made to match. In different shapes and all sorts of lovely colours, these are very becoming and make a gay addition to summer frocks and beach wear.

For correcting and preventing the little wrinkles round the area of the eyes, there are several effective methods. For night use there is Rubinstein's Youthifying Eye Cream

which, worked in with gentle massage, does wonders in the way of smoothing out the wrinkles and keeping crow's feet at bay. For the daytime, before setting out, I know of nothing better than Elizabeth Arden's Firmo-lift treatment, which, while it is intended for a "face-lift" for the contours and all over the face, is extremely effective for use underneath the eyes.

It should be applied in the following way: Squeeze a pad of cotton-wool out in cold water, and then soak it in Firmo-lift Lotion. Press this gently into the skin with a moulding movement, from the nose to the outer corners of the eyes. Do this for one minute. Next smooth on a little Firmo-lift Salon Treatment Oil, and massage it in very lightly in the same direction. Continue gently until the oil is absorbed. When this has been done, you can make up as usual. In conjunction with the Firmo-lift and the oil, there is a vitamin cream for use at night.

PUFFINESS under the eyes is often accentuated during the hot weather. Persistent cases that are in evidence all the year round, should be taken in hand by a doctor, as the trouble may spring from some internal disturbance. Externally the puffiness, which is more noticeable at some times than others, can be reduced in various ways. The well-known method of bathing with hot and cold water alternately is often extremely effective.

Another good tip is to take two paper-thin wisps of cotton-wool and make them into a crescent shape. Damp them with cold water and then sprinkle with astringent lotion and place them under the eyes. They can be left on for anything from five to ten minutes according to the sensitivity of the skin. After removing them, smooth on a little light skin food or cold cream, to counteract any drying effects, but do not leave it on. After gently massaging it in, wipe it away.

SOME people complain that their eyelids get crêpey and wrinkled, and that this is more pronounced during the summer. For this there is a special "anti-wrinkle" cream made by Lancôme called "Asieu Rides." It should be smoothed in gently, taking care that it does not go near the eye itself, as this might result in some irritation.

It is not a night cream, but can be used at any time of the day, and left on for about thirty minutes. The effect is very rapid, which makes it excellent for use before some special occasion.

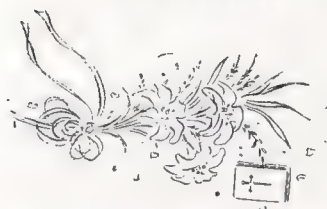




DAWSON—ACTON

Mr. Hugh Halliday Trevor Dawson, Scots Guards, only son of Cdr. Sir Hugh Trevor Dawson, Bt., Royal Navy, and Lady Dawson, of Portman Square, London, W.1, was married to Miss Caroline Jane Acton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton, of Eaton Square, London, S.W.1, at the Church of St. Peter's, Eaton Square

THEY WERE MARRIED



TELFER—BRUCE

Dr. I. M. Telfer, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Telfer, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, married Dr. the Hon. L. M. Bruce, daughter of Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



PEPYS-COCKERELL—HILL

Mr. John L. Pepys-Cockerell, son of the late Lt.-Col. F. W. Pepys-Cockerell, and of Mrs. F. Pepys-Cockerell, of Aldermaston, Berks, married the Hon. Patricia M. G. Hill, daughter of Lord and Lady Sandys, at Ombersley, Worcs

DE KLEE—STORM- MONTH-DARLING

Capt. Murray Peter de Klee, Scots Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. B. de Klee, of Auchnacraig, Isle of Mull, married Miss Angela Moira Jean Stormonth-Darling, daughter of Mr. P. Stormonth-Darling, of Balvarran, Perthshire, and Mrs. Stormonth-Darling, of Swan Walk, Chelsea, London, S.W.3, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



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DINING OUT

Hotels, diplomats and crazy wine

IT is a constant source of complaint, rage, indigestion and frustration that so many British hotels are inferior, and in various Guides are allotted stars according, it would seem, to their size, and certainly not to their comfort, cuisine or efficiency.

I quote from a letter which was recently published in the correspondence columns of *The Motor*:

"Arriving at 8.45 p.m. at a leading hotel in a market town in South-West Wales, I was informed that dinner was off and nothing was available. Having driven most of the day I did not accept this view, and eventually had to enlist the services of the local police, and a friendly sergeant talked to the hotel proprietor on his duties as an innkeeper. This produced a very reluctant offer of bread and cheese, but no coffee or tea, and nothing would prevail to alter the decision. What is serious is the effect of this sort of treatment on foreign visitors. The good hotels are few and far between and one wonders if a motoring holiday is worth while."

(Except for certain isolated samples, we long ago came to an exactly similar conclusion.—Ed.)

The sting is in the tail. To my certain knowledge the Editor of *The Motor* is a considerable authority on the subject.

IT is a mystery to me why some people run hotels at all. They have no knowledge, show no interest, regard their clients with distaste, complaints as an insult, and have no control over their staff, who are generally just as indifferent. They should get out of the hotel business at once.

But away with gloom, there is, thank goodness, an ever-increasing number of exceptions and the day may come when the order is reversed and the bad places themselves will be few and far between; then indeed the sun will shine, as it did when I went to the Cooden Beach Hotel near Hastings.

It is owned by Lady De La Warr and her son, Lord Buckhurst, who is the managing director,

GUIDO has been manager of the Chateaubriand restaurant at the May Fair Hotel since last summer. Born near Turin he has been at the Ritz, Claridge's and the Berkeley, where he was in charge of the Buttery and then manager of the restaurant



and managed with enthusiasm, energy and experience by Rex Bannister, who has just returned from Rhodesia where he ran the Leopard Rock Hotel at Umtali.

There is a smart cocktail bar and excellent food, the theme for this being "English at its very best and local produce where possible." The chef, J. Vincent, hails from Avignon, so there is nothing to stop you diving into some Continental delicacies if you feel so inclined. The wine list has obviously been chosen by an expert and the prices are reasonable considering the quality.

As we are on the South Coast we might as well stay there. On my return from France I spent the night at the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone, another establishment where gloom is a stranger, because Robert Lush, who directs it welcomes "one night stoppers," regards good food as an absolute essential and wine as one of the delights of this world.

Not only has he got a wine bar and a wine room, but a wine garden surrounded by an authentic terraced vineyard where the vines are showing every sign of co-operating with the soil provided by the experts who hope it will prosper.

All this came very much to mind when I read a report on the front page of a recent issue of the *Daily Express* which headlined MAD WINE GOING TO GENEVA, and went on to explain that

M. Edgar Faure, the French Premier, had sent two hundred bottles of *Vin Fou* (Mad Wine) to Geneva, with which to entertain President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony Eden and Marshal Bulganin.

For our last dinner at the Burlington I had challenged Robert Lush that if he would provide the food, I would provide the wine and that if I did not produce two wines he had never tasted, one of which he had never heard, I would stand him a bottle of "fizz" on the following morning. So it was and I did not have to provide the champagne.

I produced two bottles of *Vin Fou* which we drank with the cold consommé, the sole and the lamb cutlets, and *Vin Jaune* Chateau Chalon with the strawberries and cream.

HOTELIER LUSH had heard of, but not tasted, the Chateau Chalon; the *Vin Fou* was quite new to him. *Vin Fou* is a wine from the Chateau du Montfort of Henri Maire at Arbois in the Jura. His own description will suffice: "*Vin Fou* (Crazy Wine), the most thoroughbred of the great effervescent raw wines, delight of a lifetime, pleasure fizzing!"

I would confirm that it is a very pleasant, gay, lively and refreshing wine, several bottles of which I bring back from Arbois every year.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Snap tests for cookery books

WHAT woman who is interested in cooking does not love cookery books? At my bedside, I keep each new one as it reaches me and study it at my leisure, as it were. Each one, for me, is a potential reference book—but how am I to trust those dishes which I do not know? It is impossible to try all the recipes. Instead, therefore, I have a number of "yardsticks" with which to measure a book's worth.

There is, for instance, corn on the cob. If the writer tells me that this requires five to ten minutes in boiling unsalted water, the book has passed one important hurdle. If, however, I am told to cook the corn in boiling salted water for "twenty to thirty minutes or until tender" (!) the book immediately is "suspect." Corn cobs, like eggs, get harder and still harder, the longer they are boiled.

OTHER "tests" are mayonnaise, mussels and, because my husband is a Scot, Scotch Broth. Mussels require only five to six minutes' cooking in very little liquid, since they contain so much but, in a recent very attractively produced book, by an Italian woman, the cooking time, in a fair amount of water, is given as twenty minutes, which causes me to doubt the other recipes.

As for Scotch Broth—well, I frown a little on a book which substitutes rice for barley and or omits the final addition of freshly chopped parsley.

I like Chinese dishes very much. Last week, I received a new book on Chinese cookery—"real Chinese food," the cover said—written by a Chinese restaurateur, and welcomed it. When, however, I found that the great majority of the dishes called for sherry, in quantities ranging from a tablespoon to half a bottle, I at once lost all faith in the book. It is a far cry from Cadiz to Cathay!

For people like myself, authoritative reference books are indispensable. Two of these are Escoffier's *A Guide To Modern Cookery* and Mme. Prunier's *Fish Cookery Book*, edited by Ambrose Heath (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). A revised edition of the latter, with new recipes and photographs, has just been published. Every person interested in fish cookery should possess a copy of this book,



"Where's that steak I ordered?"

which takes no liberties with classic dishes.

The first forty pages are given over to detailed instructions on basic preparations. Under "The Grilling of Fish," there are the following useful notes:

"All fish that is to be grilled should first be cleansed, scaled or well scraped, dried or well wiped with a clean cloth (especially if the fish has been washed first), and, if the fish is thick-fleshed, scored here and there. By scoring, I mean making little slits in the flesh on each side, the reason for this being that these help to hasten the cooking of the fish.

FLAT fish, such as soles, have their heads cut off diagonally. The end of the tail is trimmed with scissors, and the black skin is removed. The white skin is left on, but it should be well scraped and the fin cut off. For other fish of this kind, it is usual to make an incision on the black side and in the middle of the fish, penetrating to the backbone, and from head to tail.

"When the fish are prepared in this way, brush them over with oil and put them on a very hot grill. If it is not hot enough, they may catch, stick to the bars and break when they are turned over. During their cooking, continue to brush them over with oil from time to time.

"The heat of the grill must naturally be governed by the thickness of the fish you are grilling. The smaller the fish, the fiercer the heat should be; if it is a large and thick one, the cooking should be conducted more gently so that the heat will gradually penetrate the flesh.

"Very large fish, which would be cumbersome to grill whole, can be cut across into slices about an inch to an inch and a half thick. These can be treated in the same manner as small whole fish."

That is what I call useful information.

—Helen Burke



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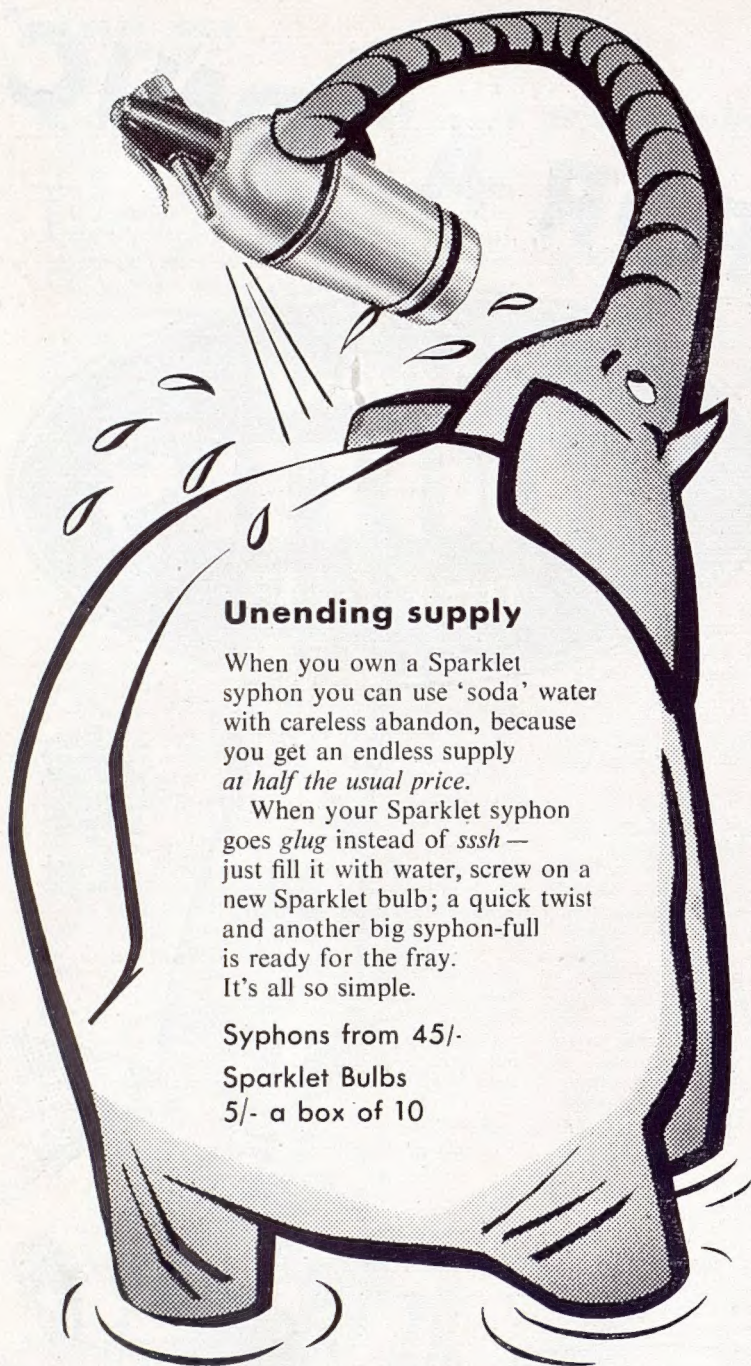


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